

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC
NEWS

No. 165.—VOL. VII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1877.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

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At a Meeting of the Committee, held on the 20th of November, Lord Brougham and Vaux in the chair, the report stated that since the issue of the Annual Report in May last 160 new members had joined the Club, and that the total strength is as follows:—

Town Members.....	426
Country Members.....	663
Officers on Foreign Service.....	104
Members Resident Abroad.....	109
	1302

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Stage Manager, Mr. A. CUTHBERT; Acting Manager, Mr. LEE ANDERSON.

GENERAL EXHIBITION OF WATER

COLOUR DRAWINGS, DUDLEY GALLERY, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—The THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION will OPEN on MONDAY, the 29th inst.—R. F. M'NAIR, Sec.

After Monday, is open daily from 10 till 6. Admittance, 1s. Catalogue, 6d.

THEATRES.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.—

Sole Proprietor, B. Webster. Sole Lessee and Manager, F. B. Chatterton. On Monday and during the week the performances will commence at 7, with the opening of the Children's Pantomime LITTLE GOODY TWO SHOES, to be followed by the Drama of TRUE TO THE CORE. To conclude with an Entertainment by the Picannini Minstrels. Prices, 6d. to £3 3s. Doors open at 6.30, commence at 7. Box Office open from 10 till 5 daily.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON will appear in the character of RIP VAN WINKLE at 8.0 o'clock THIS EVENING, and until further notice. Commence at 7.0 o'clock with THE IRISH TUTOR. At 8.0 o'clock the popular drama of RIP VAN WINKLE. To conclude with MR. AND MRS. PETER WHITE; Miss Fannie Leslie, and Mr. Harry Jackson. Prices from 1s. to £4. Doors open at 6.30; commence at 7.0. Box-office open from 10.0 to 5.0 daily.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—

Lessee and Manager Mr. J. B. Buckstone. THIS EVENING (Saturday) will be produced, for the first time, an entirely new and original comedy, by C. M. Rae, Esq., entitled FAME. Sir Percy Bartram, Mr. Buckstone; Dick Lyttleton, Mr. Howe; Tom Courtenay, Mr. W. Herbert; Lord Farleton, Mr. Gordon; Algernon Tracy, Mr. H. Kyrle; Rafles, Mr. Clark; Miss Dryden Rolles, Miss Annie Lafontaine; Flossie Rolles, Miss Maria Harris; Susan, Miss Harrison; Rose Wentworth, Miss Marion Terry. Preceded at 7.30 by the comedieta FAIR ENCOUNTER. Concluding with TOM NODDY'S SECRET.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—FIFTY-FOURTH

NIGHT OF SHAKESPEARE'S KING RICHARD III. MR. HENRY IRVING as DUKE OF GLOSTER. MISS BATEMAN as QUEEN MARGARET.

Every Evening till further notice, at 7.45, KING RICHARD III. Richard Duke of Gloucester, Mr. Henry Irving; Queen Margaret, Miss Bateman; Lady Anne, Miss Isabel Bateman. Scenery by Hawes Craven; Music by R. Stoepel. Preceded at 7.0 by THE LOTTERY TICKET. A Morning Performance will be given Every Saturday at 2 p.m. On Saturday Morning next, April 14, Miss Bateman as Julia, in the HUNCHBACK.

FOLLY THEATRE.—Proprietor and Manager,

Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.

Miss Lydia Thompson and Company (Augmented) in a new burlesque by Messrs. R. Reece and H. B. Farnie.

SATURDAY, April 7, and every evening at 7.30, the domestic drama, by H. T. Craven, in two acts, THE CHIMNEY CORNER: Mr. Lionel Brough and Company. At 8.45, an entirely new and fanciful extravaganza, entitled OXYGEN; OR, GAS IN BURLESQUE METRE, by Messrs. Reece and Farnie, gorgeously mounted, and supported by Miss Lydia Thompson, Mesdames Ella Chapman, Marie Williams (first appearance), Emily Duncan, Kozie Lowe, Harriet Coveney, Merville, Carthew, and Violet Cameron. Messrs. Brough, Edouin, Day, and Nelson. Full Chorus.—Acting-Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.

Mr. Charles Wyndham and Company in a new Comedy, by James Albery.

SATURDAY, April 7, 31, and every Evening, at 7.30, THE PORTER'S KNOB, by the late John Oxenford. Sampson Burr, Mr. John Clarke. At 8.45, THE PINK DOMINOS, by James Albery, a comedy in Three Acts, supported by Charles Wyndham, Standing, Ashley, A. Harris, J. Clarke, Wyatt, Kidley. Mesdames Fanny Josephs, Eastlake, M. Davis, Bruce, and Nelly Bromley. Scenery by Grieve and Son. Furniture and upholstery by Lyons.

Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

GLOBE THEATRE.—EVERY EVENING,

At 8.15 terminating at 10.45, a new drama, "CORA,"

by W. G. Wills and Frank Marshall, in which

MRS. HEKMAN VEZIN

will appear, prior to her departure for Australia and America. Characters by Messrs. J. Fernandez, E. Leathes, Beveridge, W. H. Stephens, D. Fisher, jun., Wingrove, Gray, Balfour, &c.; Miss Telbin, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin. At 7.30 THE MAGPIE AND THIMBLE, Misses Telbin, Rosine Power; Messrs. Balfour and W. H. Stephens. Box-office open daily from 11 to 5.—Acting Manager, Mr. W. A. Burt.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Mr. Henry Neville, Sole Lessee.

Great success of the new and original nautical drama, by Charles Reade. Every Evening THE SCUTTED SHIP, by Charles Reade. Miss Pateman, Mrs. Seymour, Misses Agnes Bennett, Ashley, &c. Messrs. Forbes Robertson, R. Pateman, Avondale, Artaud, Elwood, Raimeford, Warren, Culver, Bauer, Byatt, C. Ashford, and Mr. Henry Neville. The entirely new scenery and effects by Mr. W. Hann. Box-office hours 11 to 5. No booking fees. Prices from 1s. to £3 3s. Doors open at 6.45; commence at 7.15.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—Lessees

Messrs. D. James and T. Thorne. Enormous Success of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron. Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG; supported by Messrs. William Farren, David James, C. W. Garthorne, J. P. Bernard, W. Letocq, A. Austin and Thomas Thorne. Mesdames Amy Roselle, Kate Bishop, Nellie Walters, Cicely Richards, Sophie Larkin, &c. Acting Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Mr. Hare,

Lessee and Manager.—Every Evening, punctually at Eight o'clock, NEW MEN AND OLD ACRES, written by Tom Taylor and A. W. Dubourg. The principal characters will be acted by Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Mrs. Stephens, Miss Kate Aubrey; Mr. Kelly, Mr. Anson, Mr. Conway, Mr. Cathcart, Mr. Ersser Jones, and Mr. Hare. The new scenery painted by Messrs. Gordon and Harford.—Doors open at 7.30. Box-office hours 11 to 5.—No fees for booking. Acting-Manager, Mr. John Huy.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.

On Monday, April 2nd, and Every Evening at 7.30, THE DOWAGER. Messrs. H. Cox, Grubbe, and W. H. Vernon. Mesdames F. Hughes, Edith Wilson and Ada Swanborough. At 8.20, BABES AND BEETLES. Mr. John S. Clarke, Mr. Vernon, Miss Venne, &c. Conclude with TRIAL BY JURY. Messrs. Cox, Marius, Penley, Parry and George Leitch. Miss Venne, &c. Box-office open daily. No charge for booking.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.—Sole

Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening, at 6.45, the successful romantic drama by E. Manuel, Esq., entitled JEWESS AND CHRISTIAN; or, THE LOVE THAT KILLS. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbould, J. B. Howe, Rhoyds, Bigwood, Lewis, Hyde; Misses Adams, Bellair, Mrs. Newham. Followed by LA SONNAMBULA, Burlesque. Mrs. S. Lane, Mr. Fred Foster, Miss Pollie Randall; Messrs. Bigwood, Lewis, Parry; Miss Summers. BLACK GONDOLA. Messrs. Drayton, Keeve, Jackson, Pitt; Misses Brewer, Rayner.

GREAT SUCCESS OF TWO FOSTER BROTHERS.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S

ENTERTAINMENT, TWO FOSTER BROTHERS, by Gilbert A. Beckett, music by A. Cellier. After which, a musical sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled FIVE O'CLOCK TEA, and A NIGHT SURPRISE, by W. Cromer; Music by German Reed. Mrs. German Reed, Miss Fanny Holland, Miss Leonora Braham, Mr. Corney Grain, Mr. A. Law, and Mr. Alfred Reed. Every Evening, except Thursday and Saturday, at 8; morning representations every Thursday and Saturday at 3. Admission, 1s., 2s.; Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Can be secured in advance, without fee. In preparation a New Musical Sketch Entitled EDWIN AND ANGELINA.

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THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'

EASTER HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT AGAINST THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AMIDST THE ENTIRE ROUND OF LONDON AMUSEMENTS. On Monday last the GREAT HALL WAS CROWDED to its utmost capacity BOTH DAY AND NIGHT, and many thousands turned away from both performances. Vide Times, April 3:—

"ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Yesterday, Messrs. Moore and Burgess gave their 12th annual Easter holiday series of performances in the Great Hall, which is capable of seating 5,000 persons, and the popularity of their entertainments may be gathered from the fact that the hall was crowded both in the morning and evening. Many novelties have been introduced into the programme, consisting of ballads, songs, a burlesque sketch, entitled, 'The Marvellous Gee-hards,' a new comic scene, called 'A Regular Hash,' and an entirely new burlesque sketch, entitled 'Somebody's Coat,' and the entertainment was cordially received. Messrs. Moore and Burgess boast, with some degree of just pride, that for 12 years, without the intermission of a lawful night, they have attracted crowded and fashionable audiences."

THE MOORE AND BURGESS HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT.

WILL BE REPEATED NIGHTLY AT

EIGHT, and EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY at THREE and EIGHT, also vide opinions of the whole of the principal London papers, April 3. Extract from the Morning Post:—

"ST. JAMES'S HALL.—No competition of other attractions, whether indoor or outdoor, could divert from their old allegiance the multitudinous patrons of Messrs. Moore and Burgess's entertainment, who mustered in such force as to fill the great hall of St. James's in all parts. There were two performances yesterday, the first in the afternoon, the second in the evening, and on each occasion the vast audience received the various items in a new and interesting programme with the warmest demonstrations of applause."

THE MOORE AND BURGESS HOLIDAY ENTERTAINMENT.

THE GREAT SUCCESS OF THE SEASON.

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, at THREE and EIGHT. Vide opinions of the leading papers of London. Extract from Standard, April 3:—

"THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—Extensive as is the accommodation afforded by St. James's Grand Hall, Piccadilly, that accommodation was yesterday afternoon and evening taxed to its utmost capacity by the crowds who flocked to enjoy the entertainments provided for them by the Moore and Burgess Minstrels. The efforts of this well-known company of vocalists, instrumentalists, dancers, and burlesque performers have always been deserving of wide and cordial support; and that support has been cheerfully and readily accorded. They have never failed to present for the delectation of their patrons a programme alike interesting throughout in its character, and varied in the items of which it consists; but, perhaps, the bill of fare which was offered yesterday, and which will continue to be presented during the holidays, was even more varied and attractive than its predecessors."

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Signal success of the

MOORE AND BURGESS Easter Burlesque

on the Marvellous GIRARDS, which will be repeated Every Night at Eight. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY at 3 and 8. Vide extract from Morning Post April 3:—

"In a burlesque performance entitled 'The Marvellous Gee-hards,' Messrs. T. Sully, James Moore, and Rene emulated the eccentric gymnastics of the well-known 'Girards' with absolute accuracy in the minutest particulars of action and expression, doing everything that the clever originals do, and as nearly as possible in the very same style and manner. A new 'Interlocutor' appeared for the first time in the person of a gentleman bearing the illustrious name of J. P. Kemble, who, being gifted with a fine voice and a keen sense of humour, is likely to prove an acquisition."

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MIN-

STRELS' NEW PROGRAMME. EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT, and on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS at THREE

also. Vide extract from notice in the Echo of April 3:—

"MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—Easter and Christmas command the removal of Messrs. Moore and Burgess and their troupe into 'the great hall' of St. James's, for the simple but eminently satisfactory reason that it is impossible for the patrons of the entertainment to assemble in the smaller hall downstairs. Yesterday the great hall seemed to require the quality of elasticity, for it was so closely packed that the music was all the better heard, having a smaller vacuum to fill. Of the entertainment it is not necessary to say more than this,—that it fully sustained the reputation of the troupe, and, as it has so long stood upon the pinnacle of success, it is impossible to say more. Mr. Moore was at his best; Mr. Walter Howard was in great force; Mr. H. De Brenner had a new song, in which, of course, he brought down the house; and 'Little Fred' charmed everybody in 'Sweet Annie Moore.' The 'comic business' is irresistible, and in the days when that element is nearly dropped out of the pantomimes at Christmas, the young folks ought to be grateful."

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

THE NEW AND MOST SUCCESSFUL

ENTERTAINMENT produced by the MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS on Easter Monday, will be given EVERY EVENING at EIGHT O'CLOCK, and on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS at THREE ALSO. Vide extracts from the Morning Advertiser of April 3:—

"MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—It was evident from the eagerness with which the public crowded St. James's Hall that these well-known delineators of negro character had lost none of their popularity. Every succeeding holiday Messrs. Moore and Burgess endeavour by varying their programme to render their entertainment more attractive to holiday seekers, and every effort on their part seems to be rewarded with increasing success. Yesterday the great hall was twice filled to excess, and the management could have no cause to regret the efforts they had made, for they were rewarded by the entire approval of the audiences. The unbroken success of these Minstrels is universally known, and it is very safe to predict a continuation of it, so long at least as their entertainments are managed as they have been hitherto. The Easter holidays have given Messrs. Moore and Burgess another opportunity, by varying their programme, to render it more attractive to the public."

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS' EASTER

PROGRAMME.

VIDE following extract from Daily News,

April 3:— "THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.—The programme at St. James's Hall was, as always, a long and pleasant one; pretty ballads, expressively sung, intermixed with those broadly humorous songs for which the 'end men' have long been famous, filled a list as good as it was varied, the general excellence of which was attested by the frequent and prolonged applause which would have constantly justified an encore but for the admirable rule, too often broken elsewhere, which absolutely forbids such expressions of approval."

There were so many items in the programme deserving mention, and everything, from beginning to end, was so good, that it is better perhaps to refrain from particular description, and to say that if all the audiences yesterday were as satisfied with their entertainment as those which twice filled St. James's Hall to suffocation, Londoners in search of amusement may congratulate themselves on the successful result of their various visits."

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gave indications of vocal and dramatic ability, which, in conjunction with his fine voice, may probably enable him to attain the higher ranks of the operatic profession. In the ball scene of the last act the graceful *première danseuse*, Mdle. Girod, proved as fascinating as ever, and was well supported by a numerous *corps de ballet*. This scene afforded an opportunity for the introduction of the special "stage band," which will henceforth belong exclusively to the Royal Italian Opera Company, in lieu of the regimental bands hitherto engaged. The new band appears to be rather weak in the stringed departments, but was otherwise fully efficient, and was exactly in tune with the chief orchestra—an important qualification, which has not been

invariably exhibited in such matters. The *mise en scène* was worthy the locale, and the season opened well.

For Thursday last (too late for notice this week) *Fra Diavolo* was announced, with Mdle. Bianchi for the first time in the character of Zerlina, and M. Capoul as Fra Diavolo,—his first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera. Signor Tagliafico was to repeat his inimitable impersonation of Beppo.

For to-night (Saturday) *La Favorita* is announced, with Madame Scalchi as Leonora,—one of her best parts. Signor Gayarre is announced to appear on the same occasion as Fernando—which part he has rehearsed at Covent Garden—and up to the time of our going to press no intelligence has been received of

legal proceedings being instituted to prevent him from making his début at the Royal Italian Opera.

Next Monday *William Tell* will be produced, and on Tuesday *La Favorita* will be repeated. On Thursday *Don Pasquale* will be produced, with Mdle. Marimon, Signori Marini, Ciampi and Cotogni in the principal characters, and for the following Saturday *Les Huguenots* is announced, with Signor Gayarre as Raoul di Nangis. We must not omit to mention that on Tuesday last Signor Vianesi's entrance into the orchestra was the signal for hearty applause from the entire audience. Of his ability as a conductor it is needless to speak. On this occasion he maintained his high reputation.



WAITING FOR THE WORD.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

MR. MAPLESON has issued his prospectus, and announces that Her Majesty's Opera Company will give its opening performance on Saturday, April 28, at Her Majesty's Theatre. The season will be limited to thirty nights, and a list is given of twenty-six operas, from which selections will be made, in addition to Gluck's *Armida* (never before performed in this country), and revivals of Rossini's *Otello*, Cherubini's *Medea*, and Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*. The list of artists is attractive. It commences with the name of Madame Christine Nilsson, one of the greatest artistes of all who have ever adorned the operatic stage. It will be interesting to musical amateurs to observe

that she is to perform the part of Senta, in *The Flying Dutchman*, a part which is eminently suited to her dramatic powers. She will also appear once more as Desdemona in Rossini's opera, and all who remember her splendid impersonation of this character some years back will rejoice at the announcement. Mdle. Titiens, the greatest *prima donna drammatica* of modern times, again brings her invaluable aid, and in addition to many of her best parts, will revive her great impersonation of *Medea*, and will also appear for the first time in the title-character of Gluck's opera. Not less important is the engagement of Madame Trebelli, who stands at the head of all operatic contraltos, and is the legitimate successor of Alboni. Equally delightful in cantabile

singing and in brilliant music of the Rossinian school—equally successful in comedy and tragedy, this deservedly popular artist adds great strength to the company. Mdle. Varesi, Mdle. Rodani, and Mdle. Valleria are also re-engaged, and débuts will be made by Mdle. Carolina Salla, and Mdle. Mathilde Nandori. Six tenors are engaged, and the list is headed by Signor Fancelli, who possesses one of the finest tenor voices now to be heard. Last season he displayed great progress in acting, and made so decided an advance in public favour that his re-engagement will be thoroughly acceptable. With the exception of the second tenors, Signori Rinaldini and Grazzi, the rest are new comers at Her Majesty's opera. Signor Gayarre is announced, and he has

already been advertised to appear this season at Covent Garden. He cannot sing in two opera-houses at the same time, nor are operatic managers likely to let him render "a divided duty," so that we may expect a law-suit. Signor Gayarre has probably thought it an ingenious thing to engage himself to the two managers for the same season—perhaps having doubts about the completion of the "National" opera-house on the Embankment; but although there is a proverb which suggests that it is desirable to "have two strings to your bow," there is another which points out that "between two stools we may come to the ground," and it is quite possible that Signor Gayarre may illustrate the latter. From what we hear of this Spanish artist, it will be a subject of regret to musicians should he be prevented from giving us a taste of his quality. He not only has a remarkably fine voice, but sings well. Two other tenor débutants—Signor Carrión, who will make "his first appearance in England," and Signor Talbo, who will make "his first appearance"—are announced, and a first appearance at Her Majesty's Opera will be made by the celebrated operatic tenor, Signor Tamberlik. He has not sung in England for several years, but has been one of the stars of operatic companies on the continent. If he have retained the lyric and dramatic powers which he possessed when he last sang in London, he will prove a valuable and important acquisition. The barytones and basses are six in number, and we are glad to see that Signori Rota, Del Puente, and Galassi will re-appear. The re-engagement of Signor Medini is judicious. Two years back he rendered valuable service, and last year his absence was felt. It will be remembered that he sang the bass part in Verdi's *Requiem*, when that work was performed at the Albert Hall last year, under the direction of the composer (who had chosen Signor Medini as executant of the bass music in the *Requiem*), and upon that and other occasions regret was expressed that so excellent an artist should be lost to London. The popular basso-comico, Signor Borella, is re-engaged, and also the American gentleman for whom some evilly-disposed godfather has invented the operatic name of Brocolini. He has a fine bass voice, and may probably have better chances of displaying it this season than last. A débutant, (M. Gonnet) is also announced, and the list closes with the name of M. Faure. It would be superfluous to dilate on the merits of this great artist, who stands at the head of living operatic barytones. The announcements that he will play Iago to the Desdemona of Nilsson and the Otello of Tamberlik, and also Vanderdecken in *The Flying Dutchman* to the Santa of Nilsson, will be received with lively satisfaction.

It will be observed that Mr. Mapleson has sternly discharged the task of "weeding out" his company, and that although many fresh engagements have been made, several of the vocalists formerly attached to the company have been discarded. The absence of the popular and clever Mdle. Bauermeister will be generally regretted, but the loss of MM. Campanini, Gillandi, Behrens, &c., will be borne with the greatest cheerfulness. So far as this journal is concerned, none of these gentlemen has ever been held in high estimation; and although we will not—in imitation of the *illuminati* of certain comic periodicals—express satisfaction that "our hints have been taken," we are glad to find our opinions confirmed by the procedure of Mr. Mapleson, who would not be likely to part with artists whom he believed to be satisfactory to the public. During the past three years we have frequently stood almost alone in the discharge of the painful duty of expressing condemnation, or much-qualified praise, of artists whose merits have appeared to us to be over-rated, and whose names have subsequently disappeared from the lists of our operatic companies. It is always more agreeable to praise than to blame, but criticism is worthless unless performed under a sense of responsibility to the public; and while it is essential that due honor should be rendered to excellence, and—above all—that dawning talent should be recognised and encouraged, the interests of the public and of art demand that the truth be spoken respecting incompetent or over-rated aspirants to distinction. After all, the praise of those who are never known to blame becomes of little value, and impartial honesty is the best policy. We shall be prepared to give a cordial reception to the many new-comers whom Mr. Mapleson has engaged, and shall be glad to find them worthy the positions in which he places them.

Respecting the orchestra no announcement is made, but it is within our knowledge that nearly all the excellent instrumentalists engaged last season have been secured, and that the chorus will be of first-rate quality. The leader and solo violinist will again be that admirable player, M. Sainton, the organist Mr. Willing, and the stage manager Mr. Stirling. The ballet mistress and principal dancer will be Madame Katti Lanner, and all the minor departments will be entrusted to experienced and able chiefs. Most important of all, the conductor and musical director will again be Sir Michael Costa, whose name is a guarantee for excellence in the musical arrangements and performances. We have frequently taken exception to his interpolations of brass and other instruments into the orchestral scores of great composers, but no one can fail to acknowledge his wonderful ability as an orchestral director, and his faithful preservation of the traditional readings of classic works. His aid is of infinite value.

The return of Her Majesty's Opera Company to Her Majesty's Theatre will be doubly fortunate if it should lead to the permanent establishment of the company in the locality with which its best traditions are associated, and Mr. Mapleson—whose indomitable fortitude in struggling against adverse circumstances has attracted sympathy and admiration—will commence his season amid a general chorus of good wishes.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

At the last Crystal Palace Saturday Concert the new C minor symphony of Brahms was played for the first time since it was produced under Dr. Joachim's direction at the 150th concert of the Cambridge University Musical Society. Mr. Manns had devoted all his energies to the preparation of the symphony, which was rehearsed daily by the Crystal Palace band for two or three weeks, and it must be admitted that the performance at Sydenham was, under these circumstances, far superior to that originally given at Cambridge. Mr. Manns took the first two movements rather slower than Dr. Joachim, and the details were well developed. The performance was probably the best that has yet been given of the symphony, and it was more acceptable on Saturday last than on the previous occasion. The slow second movement and the succeeding allegretto improved upon further acquaintance, but the eccentric pizzicato effects at the opening of the last movement were as unwelcome as ever, and as it is understood that this movement has been recently written (the first, second, and third movements having been composed many years back), there seems slight cause for belief that Brahms writes better as he grows older. The symphony contains much that is worthy of admiration, but it has the fault of being tedious, and is occasionally incoherent. It is entitled to respect as the work of a modern musician who occupies conspicuous distinction among the musical minnows of modern Germany, and as a first essay in the highest department of orchestral composition it is undoubtedly meritorious, but we doubt if those who have once heard it will be anxious to hear it again, and we feel no doubt whatever that it will fail to attain the elevated position among orchestral works of the highest class which is

claimed for it by the invariably enthusiastic annotator of the Crystal Palace programmes. As if by way of showing the contrast between music of the misty school and music of pure, clear, and unalloyed excellence, the programme of this concert contained Mendelssohn's pianoforte concerto in D minor; one of those delightful works which charm when first heard, and grow more enjoyable at every repetition. The pianiste was Miss Schirmacher, a native of Liverpool, who made her first appearance in public some three years back at the Liverpool Festival. Her success on that occasion led to her being placed in the Leipzig Conservatorium, and that she has made good use of her opportunities was made evident on Saturday last. She has a crisp and effective touch, phrases well, has "two right hands," executes difficult passages with facility, and has command of expression. The young artist was warmly applauded, and was recalled to the platform at the conclusion of her able performance. The vocalists were Miss Emily Thornton, whose voice appears to be of good quality, but is inartistically developed; and Mr. Lloyd, who sang in admirable style Mozart's "Dalla sua pace" and "Sometimes"—a poor song, with words of the hysterical pathological order, and music which signifies nothing. It was coldly received, and Mr. Lloyd would do well to remember that if it be due to his own interests that he should sing royalty songs, it is due to the public that they should be made of better stuff than "Sometimes."

This afternoon Mendelssohn's symphony in C minor will be performed.

THE DRAMA.

THE novelties and revivals for this Easter, produced on Saturday and Monday, the principal of which are fully noticed hereafter, consist of Mr. Albery's farcical comedy *Pink Dominoes* at the Criterion; Messrs. Reece and Farnie's new burlesque, *Oxygen*; or, *Gas in Burlesque Meter*, at the Folly; a new burlesque, *Our Babes in the Wood*, by Mr. Burnand, at the Gaiety; *The Vicarage*, a fire-side story, and *London Assurance* at the Prince of Wales's; Charles Reade's new dramatic version of "Foul Play," entitled *The Scuttled Ship*, at the Olympic; Mr. Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle* at the Princess's; Mr. Charles Mathews in *My Awful Dad* at the Opera Comique; a new sensational drama, *The Two Mothers*, at the Duke's, reopened by Mr. M. L. Mayer; *Tom and Jerry* at the Surrey; *Little Nell* by Miss Virginia Blackwood and her company at the Park; and Mr. E. Terry and his company each afternoon at the Royal Aquarium Theatre in Bouicault's *Night and Morning* and Mr. Byron's burlesque *The Pilgrim of Love*.

At the Opera Comique Mr. Charles Mathews re-appeared on Monday evening as Mr. Adonis Evergreen in *My Awful Dad*, and proved that his recent illness, which rumour had greatly exaggerated, had in no degree lessened the vivacity and brightness of this deservedly popular comedian, whose impersonation of the light-hearted and unscrupulous old beau was as full of life and spirits as ever. Mr. Mathews, who met with a most cordial welcome, was well supported in other characters by Mr. Barnes as the young barrister, the hard-working son of the old scapegrace, and Messrs. Maclean, Belleville, &c. The comedy was preceded by Mr. Reece's comedietta, *Soldiers*, which, under another name, has been performed at the Holborn Theatre, and which affords Mr. L. F. Young an opportunity of displaying his dramatic ability for character acting, by his remarkably clever embodiment of the principal character, Stephen Hale, a nonagenarian Sergeant-Major.

At the Princess's, an attractive Easter programme is provided, Mr. Joseph Jefferson appropriately selecting his great impersonation, *Rip Van Winkle*, for his re-appearance in the drama of that name, in which he is now well supported by Miss Rose Coghlan, Miss Lucy Buckstone, Miss Phillips, and Messrs. Terris, Howard Russell, &c., in other leading characters. The drama is preceded by *The Irish Tutor*, in which Mr. Charles O'Brien represents Dr. O'Toole with much genuine Milesian humour and spirit; and followed by the farce of *Mr. and Mrs. White*.

The Duke's Theatre re-opened on Saturday night under the direction Mr. M. L. Mayer, with a grand sensational drama in six tableaux, entitled *The Two Mothers*, an adaptation by Mr. Mayer himself and Mr. Child, of *L'Affaire Coverley*, produced at the Ambigu Comique, Paris, about two years ago, and which itself was based upon the Tichborne case. *The Two Mothers* is an effective drama, with abundance of action and thrilling sensational incidents and situations, including an attempted abduction and partial murder in the first tableau, an accomplished murder and a shipwreck in the second, a personation by the murderer of his victim subsequently, and terminating in the villain of the piece attempting to murder first his wife and then his mother by casting them on the railway just as a train was emerging at full speed from the mouth of a tunnel. In the frantic struggle, the intending murderer is himself caught by the engine, and cut to pieces by the passing train. The mechanical construction of this scene, and the action of engine and train rushing along the rails in a curve from the opening of the tunnel, were the most perfect display of stage realism previously witnessed, and surpasses any of the triumphs achieved in this line by the master-designer of stage realisms, Mr. Dion Bouicault. Of the two dozen characters named in the cast, the majority are subordinate, some half a dozen only requiring any display of particular ability, these find very efficient exponents in Mr. Billington, who, with characteristic vigour, embodies with signal effect the dual impersonation of Sir Lionel Ravenswood and Joe Burton, a tenant-farmer and villain of the story who murders and personates the first-named, in W. M'Intyre as Joe Burton's drunken brother and accomplice Ned; Mr. Lin Rayne who, however, has but little scope as George Ravenswood, Sir Lionel's cousin; in Mrs. Billington and Miss E. Meyrick as Joe Burton's mother and wife, and in Mrs. J. F. Young and Miss Ada Murray, the former as Lady Ravenswood who, like Lady Tichborne, recognises and receives the impostor Joe Burton as her son, Sir Lionel, and the latter as Blanche Ravensworth, betrothed to her cousin George.

Of Miss Virginia Blackwood and her company in *Little Nell* at the Park, and the new and varied miscellaneous Easter entertainments provided at the Royal Aquarium we shall refer to on another occasion, but we may now specify that the leading feature at the latter institution is the marvellous performance on the trapeze and invisible wire, of a new acquisition there, the female acrobat Zazel, whose sensational feats culminate in the intrepid young artist being shot out of a mortar, and gracefully alighting, a considerable distance from its mouth, on the padded netting spread to arrest her flight. Zazel appears both in the afternoon and evening.

To-day's morning performances comprise *The Serious Family*, with Mr. Toole for the first time as Aminadab Sleek, at the Gaiety; *The Hunchback*, with Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) as Julia, at the Lyceum; *The Danischeffs* at the St. James's, the children's pantomime at the Adelphi, Mr. Terry as Paul Pry at the Royal Aquarium Theatre, the French Equestrian Company at Hengler's, German Reed's, Moore and Burgess, Minstrels, and Maskelyne and Cooke. There will also be a performance at the Strand this afternoon, when will be represented *The Rough Diamond*, with Mr. J. S. Clarke as Cousin Joe, and a new play, entitled *Mammon*, an adaptation of Octave Feuillet's comedy,

Montjoie, for the first benefit of Mr. W. H. Vernoh, the popular stage manager of Mrs. Swanborough's theatre.

Mr. Karl Meyder, musical director at Drury Lane Theatre, also takes his first benefit at that theatre this afternoon, when Weber's opera of *Der Freischütz* will be represented by a powerful company of operatic artists.

To-night is fixed for the production at the Haymarket of Mr. C. M. Rae's new and original comedy, entitled *Fame*, in which the principal characters will be sustained by Miss Marion Terry, Miss Annie Lafontaine, and Messrs. Buckstone, Howe, Herbert, Gordon, and Clarke; and this evening Mr. Chatterton terminates his dramatic season at Drury Lane.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

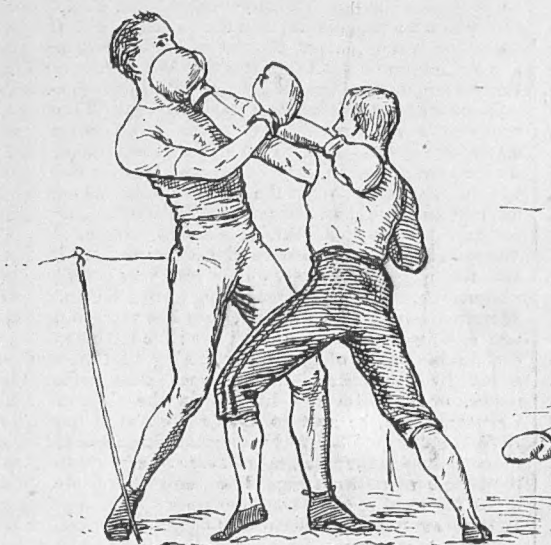
OF the romance by Messrs. Charles Reed and Dion Bouicault, and published about ten years ago in the serial "Once a Week," under the title of *Foul Play*, two dramatic versions have previously been presented on the London stage; a burlesque in which Miss Henrietta Hodson and Mr. Toole appeared in the leading parts at the Queen's Theatre, and subsequently in 1868 a dramatic adaptation by Mr. Bouicault was successfully brought out at the Holborn, supported in the principal characters by Miss Henrade, Miss Fanny Josephs, and Messrs. George Neville, Joseph Irving, Price, and Parcelle. A third version by Mr. Charles Reed himself was produced at the Olympic on Monday night, under the title of *The Scuttled Ship*. The new version differs in some material respects from the Holborn drama. Of course the absorbing interest of both adaptations arises from the romantic events following the wrongful conviction for forgery of Robert Penfold, the young parson, his transportation, and falling in love with the daughter of the Governor of the penal colony, ignorant that the lady is affianced to his former pupil, for whose crime he is the innocent victim; his chivalrous and solicitous ministering to the comfort and well-being of this lady, when they are both alone upon an otherwise uninhabited island in the Southern seas, upon which they had been cast after the ship in which they were passengers had been scuttled; their separation when she returns to England with her father, who had providentially arrived at the island in search of her, leaving Penfold, who declined accompanying them until his innocence was proved; how Helen Rolleston devotes her entire energies to accomplish this object, and eventually succeeds, by the aid of Penfold himself, who returns with the necessary evidence to complete the links of justification; the guilt is brought home to the real delinquent, from whom the heroine being thus freed, and Penfold's innocence established, the Platonic lovers of the island are united. In the present version, however, Mr. Reed has given greater prominence to these, but they are encumbered—the profound interest they excite is interrupted, especially in the early portion of the drama, by much needless comic episodes—in the wooing scenes between the rascally mate Joe Wylie (the villain who scuttles the ship *Proserpine*) and his sweetheart the exuberant landlady and laundress Nancy Rouse, and in the songs, dances, and "crossing the line" revels of the sailors on board the doomed ship in the second act—these not only detract from the interest, but interrupt the continuity of action of the main story, and which greatly compressed, or, better still, wholly excised, would leave *The Scuttled Ship* a powerful and stirring effective drama, abounding as it does with romantic incidents, as instanced in the idyllic scenes on the tropical island; in well managed mechanical effects, in the sinking of the scuttled ship and the rescue from the waves of Penfold by Miss Rolleston; and exciting situations, especially in the arrest of Penfold in the prologue; the office scene in the third act, where Wylie on his return gives an account of the sinking of the *Proserpine*, and Arthur Wardlaw, who bribed Wylie to scuttle the ship, is overwhelmed to hear that his affianced was a passenger; and in the fifth act where Arthur Wardlaw is confronted by Penfold and his guilt unmasked. The drama has the further merit of being admirably represented in the leading characters. Mr. Henry Neville giving a manly and effective portrait of the wrongly convicted young parson, Robert Penfold; his acting both in Australia, when as a ticket-of-leave man and gardener to the governor, he falls in love with Miss Rolleston, and on the Island, where he tenderly watches over and ministers to her comfort, stifling his burning love under his strong sense of duty, was marked by subdued fervour and intensity. Miss Bella Pateman again displayed high intelligence and dramatic force and refinement as the heroine, Helen Rolleston; her delivery of the text, however, was occasionally too deliberate, and the elegant and fashionable costumes she appeared in, in the deserted Island were rather incongruous to the position. Mr. Forbes Robertson was more than satisfactory as the culprit, Arthur Wardlaw, considering the ungrateful nature of the character. Mr. Pateman gave a forcible and highly-coloured impersonation of the reckless ship's mate, Joe Wylie; and Mrs. Seymour, who has returned to the stage after a lengthened absence, created much amusement by her vivacious and humorous rendering of the part of Nancy Rouse, Michael Penfold's landlady, and Joe Wylie's sweetheart. The subordinate parts of Burt, the detective, Mr. Wardlaw, the shipowner, and Michael Penfold, his cashier, found adequate exponents in Messrs. Elwood, Bauer, and Raimeond.

GAIETY THEATRE.

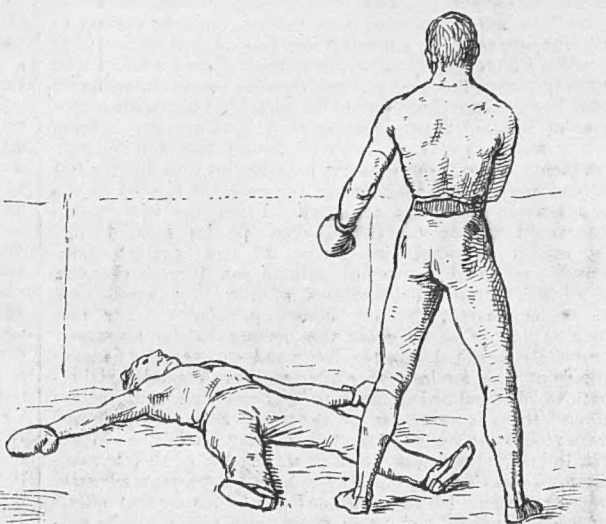
MR. F. C. BURNAND, with his accustomed and happy facility, has cleverly converted the touching Norfolk legend of "The Babes in the Wood" into a bright, merry, and highly amusing Easter burlesque, produced for the first time on Monday afternoon at the Gaiety Theatre, under the title of *Our Babes in the Wood*; or, *The Orphans Released*. The simple and well-known nursery tale is treated with a light and gay spirit in three brief scenes. In the first (Old Fox Hall) the cruel and impecunious uncle, Sir Guy Fox, Bart. (Mr. Royce), plans to get rid of the babes, his nephew and niece, Tommy and Polly (Mr. Toole, and Miss Farren). Here we are introduced to Lady Fox (Miss E. Muir), Sir Guy's amiable but cruelly treated wife, who sings charmingly an excellent parody on "It was a Dream," and to the interesting babes, the shy and lollypop loving Tommy and his hoydenish tomboy sister Polly, who indulge in nursery imitations of circus scenes on a wooden horse. Miss Polly as a daring equestrienne jumping through paper balloons, &c., while Tommy acts as master of the ring; and the latter subsequently illustrating the life of a sailor à cheval. The next scene, appropriately designated "Swish Cottage," is the school, presided over by an ancient pedagogue, Dr. Barlow (Mr. A. Bishop), and his two assistants, Drs. Birch and Baster (Messrs. Westland and Charles,) "who are anything but merry *Swish*-boys, on the contrary, tundering scoundrels." To this school the twin babes are first sent by the cruel uncle. Tommy and Polly fall at once in love respectively with Miss Jenny Merton (Miss Kate Vaughan) and Master Harry Sandford (Miss M. West), Dr. Barlow's head pupils. After some humorous school business, which, however, dragged, and became tedious on the first representation, and which in any case requires compression, Sir Guy appears, and bribes the two "tundering" tutors to murder the babes. The scene now changes to "The Wood," where the orphans have been conveyed, to be made away with; here they are *released* in the double sense, first in being covered with leaves, not by the foliage of the trees, by birds as in the legend, but the broad leaves upon which

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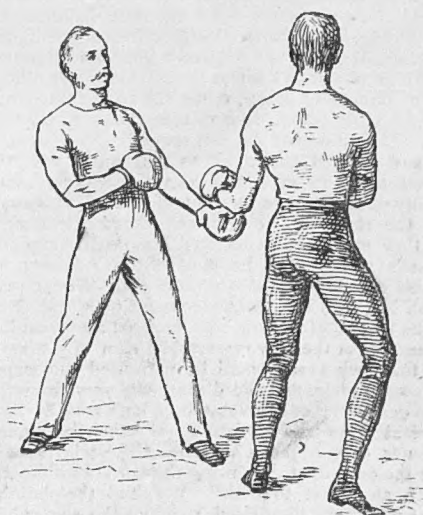
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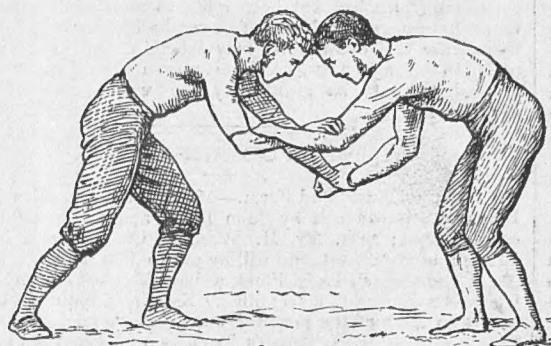
Light weights



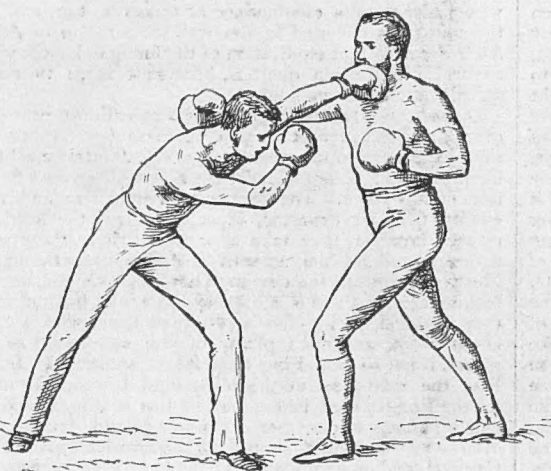
Middle weights



Light weights



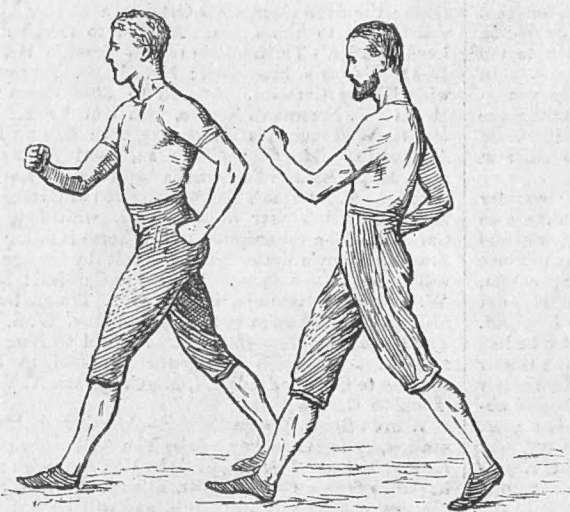
Catch as catch can wrestling



Heavy weights



Final fall



Seven Miles walking



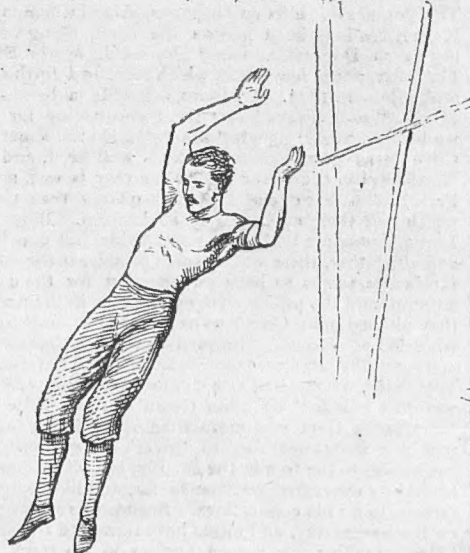
Pulling the shot



The Quarter of a Mile



The Mile walk over.



Pole Jump



Hurdle Race

TURFIANA.

A CURIOUS case seems to have arisen out of the interpretation of Irish racing law, which is worth notice, if only to illustrate a point which may possibly some day have to be decided on this side St. George's Channel. A report of the action of McCorkill v. Corscaden may possibly have come before our readers in some shape or another, and some further particulars in connection with the dispute having been brought to light, it may not be out of place to allude to the difference, now happily settled, between the litigants. It appears that the plaintiff was owner of a mare called Lady Maud, which he entered for the open handicap at last Derry Hunt Steeplechases, with the description "pedigree unknown." The defendant had also entered a horse for the same race, and he lodged an objection against the entry of Lady Maud on the grounds of fraudulent entry, under the 16th, 20th, 21st, and 67th of the Irish Hunt Steeplechase Rules, under which the meeting was held. The stewards did not consider the objection before the race, and allowed the mare to run under protest, which she did, and came in first; but was subsequently disqualified for a totally different reason to that of fraudulent entry. Some days after the race the stewards considered defendant's objection, which they unanimously declared was well founded, believing the mare's pedigree to be perfectly well known to plaintiff. From this decision of the stewards plaintiff made no appeal to the Irish National Hunt Steeplechase Committee, but preferred to invoke the aid of the law, and brought an action for libel, laying his damages at the very respectable sum of £5,000! It was not likely that such a case would be permitted to occupy the attention of a court of law, and the dispute was very properly referred to certain gentlemen of high standing, both socially and in the sporting world of Ireland (among them being the owner of "Donald," winner of last year's Waterloo Cup), who unanimously found that the defendant, "in using the word 'fraudulent,' did not use it with an intent to libel." We think the plaintiff must have been exceedingly ill-advised to adopt the somewhat extraordinary course of taking the matter out of the hands of persons best qualified to judge of matters, and to raise an issue so utterly at variance with the broad facts of the case. The offensive word "fraudulent" was put into defendant's mouth by the code of racing law under which both he and the plaintiff ran their horses, and could obviously not have been used with any intent to utter a malicious libel. Under the rules above named, and under these rules only, could defendant take his objection to the running of plaintiff's mare, and the latter had a perfect right to appeal to the higher tribunal of the Irish Hunt Steeplechase Committee had he considered himself aggrieved by the decision of the stewards. Plaintiff's entry was, in point of fact, fraudulent, if he knowingly made it, for it appears that no attempt was made to deny that the mare's pedigree was perfectly well known; and it was naturally assumed that the mare was thus described in order to mystify the public or the managers of the meeting, such being the object of most incorrect descriptions, against the practice of making which the regulations were purposely framed. Of course the referees could come to no other decision than that the word "fraudulent" was used in its accepted sense in the eye of the law, and the plaintiff could hardly be held as entitled to take advantage of his own wrong, in order to make defendant pay the penalty of taking advantage of the law. The case is obviously one which might arise at any time, and we would not desire to see the law relaxed in the slightest degree in the direction of condoning such mistakes as led to the dispute in question. We cannot be too particular in guarding against attempts which have been made, and which will continue to be made, to throw dust in the eyes of authorities by means of fraudulent descriptions; and it is better that a righteous man should suffer now and then, than that rogues should manage to escape from the net, owing to its meshes being made too ample. In the above case fraud was doubtless neither intended nor imputed; but the law was clearly infringed, and it was only a plain duty on the part of the aggrieved party to appeal to its protection.

Sport at Nottingham was very fair, and Paganini has begun well with Fiddlestring and Musical Times, both clever, though rather undersized horses, but possessing the gift of going, and likely to give the go by to many a sensational purchase of 1876. We always have some of these surprisingly cheap lots arising to confound the judgment of trainers; and last season it was Beauharnais for which all Mr. Tattersall's persuasive eloquence could only extract thirty sovereigns, which she brought back more than thirty fold during her two year old career. These racing ponies are especially handy early in the year, but so long as size is worshipped, the little Davids will be rejected in favour of Goliaths, and the generation of those who buy yearlings by the pound will not soon pass away. Fairy King must be about the only one of King Alfred's stock now in training, and we have over and over again remarked on the success of King Tom's son, "in a quiet sort of way," at the stud. Talkative, by Tomahawk, is yet another instance, and we could multiply cases *ad infinitum*. Crann Tair cut up famously in the Bestwood Park Plate, and Camera changed hands after her victory in the Selling Plate, but she will hardly turn into a second Coronella. The Hunters' races brought out fair fields, and though nothing of high class competed, Mr. Ford succeeded in making a success of his new venture. So dull and stagnant has been speculation on the great races that an extra halt point conceded to one of Chamant's backers produced a sort of momentary panic, but it was a mere flash in the pan, by which nothing else benefited. Rumours adverse to Lady Golightly have given her an Irish rise for both her Newmarket and Epsom races, but still there is no movement made in favour of Silvio, about whose Derby chance 40 to 1 should clearly be taken in case of Lady Golightly's deposition. Of the less prominent Derby candidates Thunderstone is the biggest and Actæon the smallest. Rumour is so busy concerning the latter that it will be better to wait for some definite move on the part of the stable. The Biennial at Newmarket usually clears away a good many cobwebs, but of late years owners have fought rather shy of showing their hands.

Stud news comes pouring in apace, and at Heath House Queen's Messenger seems to be drawing well, Lord Falmouth having sent him no less than four mares, while he has also not forgotten Kingcraft, until lately rather a neglected horse, but as truly shaped as any stallion at the public service. The Dewhurst Stud sale is fixed for Saturday, June 9, the week before Ascot, a day usually appropriated by Royalty for the Hampton Court sale, which between the attractions of Middle Park and Cobham very nearly went to the wall last year. Now Mr. Gee would appear to have swamped it altogether, for there will not be found many to assist at Hampton Court, while Scottish Chief and his clan form the counter-attraction on Sussex soil. It seems but yesterday that Mr. Gee took to breeding, but since that date his yearling contingent has annually increased both in numbers and importance, and he has turned out a fair, but not remarkable proportion of winners. The estate at Dewhurst is also advertised for sale, with all its many conveniences for carrying on business on a very extended scale, great judgment having been exercised in adapting it to the requirements of a Stud farm, on the most approved principles as regards accommodation for its numerous tenants. At Sandgate, Rosicrucian's subscription is all but full, and among the latest arrivals to him is Inquisition, dam of Rosy Cross, with a colt foal by King of the Forest. Recluse, the dam of Bruce, has of course been put down to King o' Scots once

more, at Messrs. Barrow's, where Thunder is making satisfactory progress, and is one of the easiest Stockwell horses to suit with mares, having no Touchstone strain in his composition. John Davis commands plenty of patronage, and steadily makes his way to the front; and at Shepherd's Bush they are full of mares, nearly every visitor of last season being safe in foal to Lord Lyon, who will get a great lift in case of Placida being returned the Oaks winner. Captain Ray has not yet succeeded in filling up Gladiateur's place at Dunmow, and all his mares have to seek their fortunes abroad.

Lord Coventry has put in a word upon the "great reciprocity question," in a letter urging the very reasonable request of having the approaching important meeting of the Jockey Club convened in London instead of at Newmarket. There is much sense in this proposition, because the importance of the discussion likely to ensue is great enough to justify the somewhat unorthodox proceeding of holding a sitting away from headquarters. There are many members of the Club who do not take a very active part in racing, but whose judgment nevertheless is of the highest value, and we do not wish to see the meeting limited to the mere interested followers of sport. From the turn which things would appear to have taken, parties seem to be pretty evenly balanced in favour of and against Lord Falmouth's proposed course of action, and it were devoutly to be wished that the deliberations of the Supreme Council could be conducted, if not *coram populo*, at any rate in such a manner as to cause the debate to be accurately and minutely reported. In the hurry and excitement of racing the minds of men are less susceptible to those calm judicial influences which should be brought to bear upon the matter before them, and there is no reason we know of why a sitting should not take place in Burlington-street on some "blank" day in the season, to bring about some sort of settlement of this burning question. Lord Coventry has always been a consistent advocate of longer races and better horses, and one of his earliest efforts in the cause of reform was made many years ago, when he proposed the 7st minimum handicap weight. From time to time his voice has arisen when there has been a storm in the air, and always with sound reason and common sense, devoid of any sensational ornamentation. In the reciprocity question he very wisely advocates a continuance of things as they are, preferring the principles included in the well-worn motto of *fas est et ab hoste doceri* to that eradication of the foreign element which finds advocates in certain quarters, because it helps to conceal the nakedness of our own land.

Our run down to Cobham last week was for the purpose of looking over Mr. Bell's recent foreign purchase (concerning which we shall have more to say next week) and to "interview" the young Carnivals and George Fredericks now making their first appearance on any stage. The former have more size and rather less quality than we expected, especially about the head, in which respect, however, they take after papa, whose "napper" is the ugliest part about him, as with Macaroni it was the handsomest. Most of Carnival's foals seem to have their sire's short, common-looking ears, but this is a mere eye-sore, and in all other respects they are level, racing-like, well-turned foals, with a clever look about them, and with plenty of size and length in the right places, if not so promising in point of substance. In fact, they bear the mint-mark of the reimported brown, who did enough for the English stud before he left this country to show that his coming among us once more is clearly a gain to breeders. There is even more "character" about George Fredericks's foals than those of Carnival, and on nearly all has he "stamped an image of himself" in the most undeniable fashion. They are mostly red chestnuts with plenty of white markings, singularly powerful and bony, and with great substance, and a vast deal of old Marsyas about their forehands. To our eye, they compare unfavourably with their relatives, the Albert Victors, the latter having more quality and liberty, albeit they fail to show so well as regards promise of muscular development. However, it must be borne in mind that Albert was altogether a lighter horse than George, and more than one good judge in the North of England took objection to the former as lacking in power about his arms and thighs. In the Cobham list of yearlings there is an exceedingly nice youngster by Albert Victor out of Masquerade, which quite puts some of the cracks "on paper" into the shade, and it is significant that he forms one of that very select coterie in the boxes close at home, and under the very eye of the manager.

Racing has been blossoming forth in all parts of the country during the past week, but Northampton was the head and crown of sport. Looking further northwards first, however, we find Kingcraft scoring his first maiden with Queen Pippin, the produce of a Caterer mare, while the dam of another running Speculum, Bryonia, is well bred enough for anything, being by Neptuneus out of Woodbine, the latter one of the nicest mares in England. Westwick seems to have left his mark in the north, for he had two winners on the banks of Wear, and Knight of the Garter was also "honourably mentioned." Robert Peck's Manchester winner La Merveille was, if we mistake not, the illustrious absentee from Mr. Combe's yearling team at Cobham last year, and was presented to the Russley trainer in compliment to his real "sweetener" given for Maximilian. At Northampton old Thorn fairly earned his title to rank among the "evergreens" of the Turf, and to show how quickly the Turf population shifts and changes, his old Champagne opponent, Kaiser, has long been laid on the shelf, along with such celebrities as Doncaster, Gang Forward, Marie Stuart, Boiard, Flageolet, and a few others which furnished forth such a glorious assemblage in 1873. Hudibras is strictly a home-bred one, and Mr. Tattersall always had a good word to say for his sire, who, we believe, now "stars it" somewhere in the Emerald Isle. Lord Clive is as good-looking as he is well bred, and will catch his Northampton conqueror before the year is out, and the Althorp Park Stakes, but one of far better quality than the young birds which had their opening day at Lincoln. Billy M'Daniel and Lorna Doone are both on the small side, but very handy-looking, and altogether, there was a deal of promise in the field throughout. Rosinante seems to have an affection for the course at Northampton, and the public were not far out in their reckoning when they pitched upon Ceruleus as the pick of Earl Spencer's Plate, wherein Lady Ronald performed anything but brilliantly, though the market status duly foreshadowed her fiasco. The turned loose old 'un Wanderer, who started at a comfortable taking price for his party, was just "done" by Blue Gown's sturdy little brother, but Woodlark's form was more than respectable, and Chevron will still be a useful member of Dover's collection. The gigantic Strike was to the fore in the St. Liz, but altogether he has been a frightfully expensive purchase so far, and like many other strikes, ruinous to all his connections. Scamp was in everybody's mouth on the Stakes day, and might have rewarded the allegiance of his followers with a few gored hurdles in his track, but Queen of Cyprus always held him safe, and the mention of her dam Cypriana takes us back to Pretender's year, when John Scott thought he might have a look in for the St. Leger with his sturdy little Royal Oak, who was also out of this daughter of Cyprian, whose alliance with King Tom has been her happiest get. Tribute, yet another of the Mentmore king's produce, won the Whittlebury Stakes as she pleased, and after Wanderer had made some recompense to his friends by a win in the Delapre Handicap, half a score of youngsters went down to the post for the Auction Stakes, in which the

Placida colours were to the fore with Preciosa, bred by Mr. Crowther Harrison, and a remarkably nice level filly, as we remarked at the time of her purchase at Doncaster. Modesty was a Cobham purchase of John Nightingall's, and is got by Macaroni or Chattanooga out of Buttermilk, one of Mr. Combe's mares; while Aurora, another Rosicrucian out of Red Light, hails from the Blink Bonny Stud Farm at Malton. The Welter and Hunters' Stakes produced fair fields, and the meeting may be said to have gone off well, and its resuscitation by Mr. Frail may therefore be considered complete. At Redcar, another small "assize" in the Northern circuit, Mr. T. S. Dawson had provided a fair programme, and the two year old race was won by Son of Nature, one of the last of the Underhands, picked up at a very cheap rate at Doncaster for Mr. Vyner, and likely to bring many more of the little but sweet fish to his owner's net.

There are plenty of closed events at Newmarket Craven next week, and we may see more than one of the Two Thousand and Derby cracks during the week. In the Post Sweepstakes, D.M., *King Clovis* should have things pretty well his own way; and in the Craven Stakes, run over the Rowley Mile, we can see nothing more promising than *Plaisante* and *Hellenist*. For the Biennial, we may find Jacobin, Albert Edward, Silvio, Dee, Chevron, Warren Hastings, and perhaps the Rover and Morier at the post, and the public performers do not read very grandly upon paper, whatever the dark division may bring forth. Silvio, Chevron, and Warren Hastings were all smart ones last year, though not in the very first flight; and in leaving the issue to these three, we may declare in favour of *Silvio*, considering that he will be better suited by the course and distance than either the Ilsey roarer, or Mr. Rayner's horse. In the Column Stakes, St. Christophe may be sent to take some sort of measure of *Lady Golightly*, but the filly must have our allegiance, and as Plunger is not likely to show in the Sale Stakes, *Forty Winks* may be good enough to dispose of rather a ragged lot, unless Atalanta should take it into her head to effect another surprise, as at Windsor last year. In the Newmarket Handicap St. Leger must have a great chance, if he is not in reserve for Epsom, and in his absence we should not be surprised to see *Coltness* run well, and even with this race "in him," we can pick out nothing better worth backing for the Thursday Biennial than Mr. Houldsworth's colt, though Skylark will probably be started against him. The latter may have things all his own way in the Claret, unless Forerunner is pulled out to do battle for Russley, when we shall be once more on his side. Chamant need fear no opposition in the Bennington Stakes, and we may see the two top weights, Controversy and Coomassie, fighting it out in the International Handicap. In the City and Suburban Bruce has not been quite so steady in the market at times, but no horse at Newmarket can be looking or going better than Bruce, and our readers may depend upon it that it is better policy to follow to a real good horse, even should his "day" be delayed, than to be guided by the weathercock of market movements.

SKYLARK.

STUD NEWS.

Beenham House Stud Farm.—March 21st, Mr. Alex Taylor's Freekick, a brown colt by John Davis, and will be put to King of the Forest; 24th, Mr. H. Waring's Crucifixion, a bay colt by King of the Forest, and will be put to him again. April 3, Mr. J. Johnstone's Lady Flora, a bay filly by Pretender; Mr. Cookson's Forecast, a bay filly by Kingcraft, both of which will be put to King of the Forest. The following mares have arrived to this sire:—Mr. J. Porter's Duchess of Devonshire and Lancashire Lass, and Mr. Freeman's Scrubbing Brush.

The Stud Company (Limited).—March 21st, the Stud Company's Masquerade, a filly by Blair Athol, and will be put to him again; 22nd, the Stud Company's Molly Carew, a filly by Carnival, and will be put to him again; 27th, Mr. W. R. Marshall's Mersey, a colt by Blair Athol, and will be put to him again; the Stud Company's Orotan, a filly by Blair Athol, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Carnival: March 22nd, Lord Rosslyn's Thriftless, in foal to Georgie Heriot; 26th, Mr. J. L. Walker's Miss Bell; Mr. H. W. Freeman's Antelope, with filly by Carnival. Arrived to Blue Gown: March 19th, Mr. H. W. Freeman's Souffle, with colt by King Lud; 26th, Mr. H. W. Freeman's Sea Breeze, with filly by Prince Charlie. Arrived to Wild Oats: March 22, Lord Rosslyn's Subpœna; 26th, Major Bradford's Cornelia, with foal by Lord Lyon; 28th, the Hon. A. Egerton's Salute. Arrived to Caterer: March 27th, Mr. H. Hoskin's Star of the West, with foal by Victorious. Carnival.—The subscription to this horse is full. March 30, the Stud Company's Becky Sharpe, a colt by George Frederick, and will be put to him again. Arrived to Carnival: March 31, Rev. W. S. Miller's Sardinia, in foal to Y. Trumpeter; Rev. W. S. Miller's chestnut mare by Sunstroke; Rev. W. S. Miller's filly by The Rake out of Sprightliness. Arrived to Blue Gown: March 29, Mr. A. Wolfe's Bourgoyne, in foal to Prince Charlie. Arrived to George Frederick, March 29, Mr. A. Wolfe's Dilatory, in foal to Carnival.

Warren Stud, Epsom Downs.—March 25th, Mr. Ellam's Persuasion, by The Cure, bay colt by Van Amburgh; 26th, Mr. Ellam's Esther, by Stockwell, a bay filly by Van Amburgh; both mares will be put to Speculum. 27th, Mr. Ellam's Princess, by King Tom, a chestnut colt by Van Amburgh, and will be put to Ethus. The following mares will also be put to Ethus:—Cybele, by Marsyas; Maid of Kent by Marsyas; Lady Jane, by Saunterer; Gladness, by Carnival; Mandane, by Monarque; Queen of the Forest, by Atherstone; Daylight, by Wallace; Baroness, by Young Melbourne; Victress, by Lambton; Princess, by King Tom; Gew-Gaw, by Orlando; Tomfoolery, by King Tom; Miss Adelaide, by Promised Land; Heath of Athelstone. To Van Amburgh:—Hopeful Duchess (sister to Brown Duchess); Toretha, by Ethus; Divertisement, by Trumpeter; Miss Banstead, by Wild Dayrell; Soulagement, by Ethus; Mrs. Bernel, by Lambton.

At Waresley, Hartlebury, Mr. Spencer's Laura (Petrarch's dam) has arrived to Cathedral (barren), and his Pompano (with a bay filly by Winslow), and has been put to Cathedral; Mr. Everett's Miss Hercules, a bay filly by Cardinal York, and has been put to Cathedral; Mr. Watson's Vlie, a bay colt by Cre-morne; his Nameless, a bay filly by Brown Bread, and will be put to him again; Mr. Eyke's My Louisa, Mr. Tattersall's Flower of Sulphur and Delightful, Mr. Watson's Essence and The Fair Unknown, have been put to Cathedral, to whom also have arrived:—Hon. G. D. Pennant's Perfume and Mr. E. Weever's Emblematical, both in foal to Pero Gomez; and Mr. Weever's Ishtar, in foal to Paul Jones. There are now only two vacant subscriptions to Cathedral.

AN EARLY BREAKFAST.

COMING home seedy and sleepy in the fantastic costumes of a ball masque, and partaking in the grey cold dawn of what you still call to-morrow of a hurriedly prepared early breakfast, is the sort of thing here pictorially suggested and realised. He peruses a letter which came in their absence, she pours out the tea, and both will be heartily glad to stretch their tired feverish limbs between the cool sheets and depart into the peaceful oblivion of a sound and refreshing sleep.

Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS, brother of Miss Maria and Miss Nelly Harris, is about to appear on the stage.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.
MANCHESTER SPRING MEETING.
MONDAY, APRIL 2.
OLDHAM SELLING STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 60 added; 5 furlongs.
Mr. Gregory's Miss Manfield, by Victorious, dam by Underhand—The
Slayer's Daughter, aged, 8st 10lb (£50)Puncher 1
Mr. Stevens's Beauty Bright, 2 yrs, 8st 6lb (£50)Buchanan 2
Mr. Ruthven's Hannah, 3 yrs, 8st 6lb (£50)Hasslett 3
Mr. Horncastle's f by Bro. to Stafford—Lady Annie, 2 yrs, 6st 8lb (£50)
C. Davis 0
Betting: 5 to 4 agst Miss Manfield, 3 to 1 each agst Beauty Bright and
Hannah. Won by five lengths; three lengths between second and third.
The winner was sold to Mr. Horncastle for 125 guineas.
The SALFORD WELTER HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs; winners
extra. 5 furlongs, straight.
Mr. J. Bainbridge's Elsham Lad, by Broomielaw—Elsham Lass, 5 yrs,
9st 7lbPuncher 1
Captain Lane's Calton, 3 yrs, 8st 8lbS. Mordan 2
Mr. Smith's Bras de Fer, aged, 10st 4lbT. Osborne 3
Also ran: Clara, aged, 9st 6lb; King of Hearts, 4 yrs, 9st 2lb; Glen-
dinning, 5 yrs, 9st 9lb; Miss Gertrude, 6 yrs, 9st 12lb; Tancred, 5 yrs,
9st 3lb; Cathcart 3 yrs, 8st 11lb.
Betting: 5 to 2 agst Calton, 3 to 1 agst Bras de Fer, 7 to 1 agst Clara, 10
to 1 each agst Elsham Lad and Miss Clara. Won by half a length; a neck
between second and third.
IRWELL HURDLE HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, 3 ft. with 100 added;
second saved stake. About two miles, over eight flights. 17 subs.
Mr. F. Patmore's Cocotte, by Macaroni—Anonyma, 5 yrs, 11st 8lb
Potter 1
Sir J. L. Kaye's Lottery, 4 yrs., 10st 13lbW. Reeves 2
Mr. W. Burton's Evening News, aged, 11st 5lbJ. Clark 3
Mr. Howsin's Lady Christiana, 5 yrs, 11st 6lbFletcher 0
Betting: 5 to 4 on Cocotte, 3 to 1 agst Lottery, and 5 to 1 agst each of the
others. Won by three lengths; bad third.
STAMFORD HANDICAP of 10 sovs, with 150 added; second received
25 sovs. About one mile.
Mr. G. Trimmer's Laurier, by Consul—Leone, 5 yrs, 7st 11lb...S. Mordan 1
Mr. Stevens's Bloomfield, 6 yrs, 7st 6lbS. Mordan 2
Mr. Howsin's Grand Duchess, 5 yrs, 6st 11lbJ. Macdonald 3
Betting: Even on Laurier, and 3 to 1 each agst Bloomfield and Grand
Duchess. Won by a neck; bad third.
The MANCHESTER HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 15 sovs each,
10 ft; second received 20 sovs; third saved stake. About three miles.
21 subs, 10 of whom paid 3 sovs each.
Captain Stirling's Royal Charlie, by Selim—Scottish Queen, 6 yrs, 10st 5lb
W. Reeves 1
Mr. J. Johnson's Rufina, aged, 11stS. Daniels 0
Mr. J. Johnson's Lancet, aged, 11st 4lbJ. Manser 0
Mr. Johnson declared to win with Rufina.
Betting: 7 to 4 on Rufina, 2 to 1 agst Royal Charlie, and 7 to 1 agst
Lancet, who bolted, Rufina refused, and Royal Charlie came in alone.
The PALATINE HURDLE HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, 2 ft, with 80
added; second saved stake. About one mile and a half, over six flights.
24 subs.
Lord Anglesey's Bugle March, by Trumpeter—Quick March, 6 yrs,
10st 4lbJ. Adams 1
Mr. J. Johnson's Domiduca, 4 yrs, 10stS. Daniels 2
Mr. W. Burton's Royal Oak, 5 yrs, 10st 7lbJ. Clarke 3
Also ran: Pains, 5 yrs, 10st 10lb; Anchorite, 6 yrs, 10st 7lb; Grand
Duchess, 5 yrs, 10st 6lb; Bardolph, 4 yrs, 10st.
Betting: 6 to 4 agst Bugle March, 5 to 1 each agst Royal Oak and Bar-
dolph, and 10 to 1 each agst Pains and Domiduca. Won by four lengths;
same between second and third.
TUESDAY.
The CITY TWO YEAR OLD PLATE of 100 sovs; straight half-mile.
Mr. R. Peck's b f La Merveille, by Blair Athol—Cauldron, 8st 13lb
A. Wood 1
Mr. R. Howett's b f by Adventurer—Maid of the Glen, 8st 3lb
J. Macdonald 2
Mr. W. H. Harvey's ch c Master Mitchell, 8st 6lbMordan 3
Also ran: f by Strathcanan—Slut, 8st 13lb; Nelly Carey, 8st 3lb.
Betting: Even on La Merveille, 4 to 1 agst Maid of the Glen filly, and 8
to 1 agst any other. Won by a length; four between second and third.
The WILTON HURDLE HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, 3 ft with 100
added; second saved stake; about one mile and three-quarters, over seven
flights. 25 subs.
Sir J. Lister-Kaye's b c Lottery, by Master Bagot—Bilberry, 4 yrs, 10st 9lb
W. Reeves 1
Mr. R. Howett's b f c Bardolph, 4 yrs, 10stSkelton 2
Betting: 7 to 4 on Lottery, who won by six lengths.
The DE TRAFORD HANDICAP of 10 sovs each, with 150 added;
second received 20 sovs; about one mile and a quarter.
Mr. Peck's b c Percy, by Underhand—Unfashionable Beauty, 4 yrs,
7st 11lbJ. Macdonald 1
Mr. Stevens's b h Bloomfield, 6 yrs, 7st 6lbSheard 2
Mr. R. Howett's b f c Estephe, 4 yrs, 6st 10lbWeston 0
Betting: 6 to 5 on Percy, 5 to 2 agst Bloomfield, and 3 to 1 agst St.
Estephe. Won by a length; neck between second and third. An objection
to the winner on the ground of a cross was overruled.
The LANCASHIRE HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE of 10 sovs each,
with 150 added; second received 20 sovs; third saved stake; about two miles
and a half.
Mr. W. Wilson's b m Gipsy (late Lady Wynn), by Knight of Kars
—Debonnaire, 6 yrs, 10stMr. E. P. Wilson 1
Captain Stirling's g g Royal Charlie, 6 yrs, 11st 4lb (inc. 14lb ex.)
W. Reeves 2
Mr. J. Johnson's Rufina, aged, 10st 12lbS. Daniels 0
Betting: 2 to 1 on Gipsy, who won by ten lengths.
The PENDLETON SELLING STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 60 added;
5 fur., straight.
Mr. Lowe's b f Polenta, by Parmesan—Grisli, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb (£50)
J. Hopwood, jun. 1
Mr. T. Horncastle's b m Miss Manfield, aged, 9st 10lb (£50)Heslop 2
Mr. Stevens's ch f Beauty Bright, 3 yrs, 8st 8lb (£50)Buchanan 3
Betting: 5 to 4 on Miss Manfield, 7 to 4 agst Polenta, and 7 to 2 agst
Beauty Bright. Won by three lengths; a bad third. The winner was
bought in for 90 guineas.
The DERBY WELTER HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs; 5 fur.
Captain D. Lane's Calton, by Broomielaw—Inveresk's dam, 3 yrs, 7st 11lb
Mordan 1
Mr. J. Tatam's br f Prima, 4 yrs, 8st 3lbPuncher 2
Mr. W. Burton's ch h Tancred, 5 yrs, 8st 6lbHardcastle 3
Also ran: Clara, aged, 9st 9lb; Malplaquet, 5 yrs, 9st 9lb; King of
Hearts, 4 yrs, 9st 5lb; Glendinning, 5 yrs, 9st 2lb; Cathcart, 3 yrs, 8st.
Betting: 11 to 10 agst Calton, 4 to 1 agst Prima, 6 to 1 agst Malplaquet,
10 to 1 agst Tancred, and 20 to 1 agst Clara. Won by two lengths; four
between second and third.

DURHAM RACES.
MONDAY, APRIL 2.
DURHAM TRIAL STAKES of 100 sovs; weight for age. T.Y.C.
Mr. G. Cook's Rokeby, by Westwick—Colleen Bawn, 6 yrs, 8st 1lb
(£100)Cooke 1
Mr. W. Sadler's Winifred, 3 yrs, 8st 4lb (£200)Elliott 2
Mr. T. Lunn's Lord Nelson, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb (car. 7st 11lb) (£100) Nuttall 3
Also ran: Mal de Mer, 3 yrs, 7st 10lb (£100), Chatterer, 2 yrs, 5st 11lb
(£100), Duke of Newcastle, 2 yrs, 6st 7lb (£200), Reality, 2 yrs, 5st 12lb
(£100).
Betting: even on Winifred, 9 to 2 each agst Mal de Mer and Rokeby,
and 10 to 1 each agst others. Won by a length, two between second and
third. The winner was not sold.
The CORPORATION PLATE (Handicap) of 100 sovs; winners extra.
One mile.
Mr. R. C. Vyner's Borgia, by Mandrake—dam by Underhand, 3 yrs, 5st
13lbCollins 1
Mr. Kenyon's Nightingale, 3 yrs, 5st 7lbNoble 2
Mr. T. Park's Maltonian, 4 yrs, 6st 2lbLomas 3
Also ran: Antipodes, 4 yrs, 6st 5lb, Princess Alice, 3 yrs, 6st 1lb, Lady
Dunholm, 3 yrs, 5st 8lb.
Betting: 2 to 1 agst Princess Alice, 3 to 1 agst Borgia, and 7 to 2 agst
Antipodes. Won by a length and a half; three quarters of a length between
second and third.
The ELEMORE STAKES of 5 sovs each, 1 ft, with 100 added; for two-yr-
olds; second received 15 sovs. T.Y.C. 38 subs.
Mr. R. C. Vyner's Bryonia, by Speculum—Hedge Rose, 8st 1lb
Griffiths 1
Mr. H. Johnston's Queen Pippin, 8st 1lbMorgan 2
Mr. K. Peck's Queen of Laudes, 8st 1lb (car 8st 3lb)Snowdon 3
Mr. J. Whitworth's My Mary, 8st 4lbPlatt 4
Betting: 2 to 1 agst Queen of Laudes, 5 to 2 each agst Bryonia and Queen
Pippin, and 6 to 1 agst My Mary. Won by two lengths; bad third.
DURHAM HANDICAP of 5 sovs each; 200 added; second received 15
sovs; third 5 sovs. One mile and a half. 27 subs.
Mr. C. Gardner's Omega, by Knight of the Garter—Lambda, 4 yrs, 8st
6lbPlatt 1
Mr. Robinson's Annie Louise, 6 yrs, 6st 12lbMorgan 2
Mr. T. Shepherd's Relic, 5 yrs, 7stSharp 3
Lord Durham's Glendale, 4 yrs, 8st 12lbElliott 0
Mr. J. Chapman's Owton, 6 yrs, 8st 6lbSnowdon 0
Mr. C. Perkins's Agglethorpe, 6 yrs, 7st 12lbBruckshaw 0
Mr. Messenger's Audacious, 6 yrs, 7st 6lbFagan 0
Mr. C. Trotter, jun.'s Gordon, 4 yrs, 7st 1lbCarlisle 0
Mr. E. Temple's Mount Grace, 3 yrs, 6st 11lbHoney 0
Mr. R. C. Vyner's Daisy Cutter, 4 yrs, 6st 9lbCollins 0
Mr. H. Garthwaite's Emilianus, 4 yrs, 6stNoble 0
Mr. Northern's Dunbarrie, 3 yrs, 5st 10lbKnight 0

Betting: 3 to 1 agst Owton, 4 to 1 agst Agglethorpe, 5 to 1 agst Glendale,
6 to 1 agst Omega, 10 to 1 agst Annie Louise, and 12 to 1 agst Relic. Won
by a length; two between second and third.
DURHAM HUNT CUP, value 50 sovs; weight for age. Two miles, on
the flat.
Mr. W. C. Booth's Busy Body, by Laughing Stock—The Beau's dam,
4 yrs, 11st 7lbMr. Hutchinson 1
Mr. Garbutt's Tunstall Maid, 6 yrs 14stMr. Thompson 2
Mr. H. Aungle's Jenny Jones, aged 12st 7lbMr. Robinson 3
Also ran: Bellona, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb, Minto, aged, 12st 1lb, Young Middle-
ton, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb, Omen, 4 yrs, 11st 7lb, Cypher, aged, 12st 1lb.
Betting: Evens on Busy Body and 3 to 1 agst Tunstall Maid. Won by a
length and a half; two lengths between second and third.
TUESDAY.
The WYNARD PLATE of 100 sovs; T.Y.C.
Mr. R. Peck's b f Aurelia, by Westwick—Affection, 3 yrs, 6st 11lb
Howey 1
Mr. Kenyon's b f Emily, 4 yrs, 6st 5lbNoble 2
Mr. Northern's ch c Rouge Bonnet, 4 yrs, 7st 5lbFagan 3
Also ran: Queensland, 4 yrs, 7st 12lb; Bonny Meg, 6 yrs, 6st 2lb;
Cigarette, 4 yrs, 6st; Mal de Mer, 3 yrs, 5st 10lb (car. 5st 12lb); Affleck,
3 yrs, 6st 8lb; Miss Messenger, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb.
Betting: 5 to 2 agst Rouge Bonnet, 3 to 1 agst Aurelia, 7 to 2 agst
Queensland, and 8 to 1 agst any other. Won by three lengths; a length
divided second and third. Bonny Meg was fourth, Queensland fifth, and
Cigarette last.
The WHITWORTH STAKES of 5 sovs each, 1 ft., with 100 added; for
two-year-olds; second received 15 sovs; T.Y.C. 39 subs.
Mr. H. Johnson's b f Queen Pippin, by Kingcraft—Sanctity, 8st
Morgan 1
Mr. J. Trotter's b f by Knight of the Garter—Saratoga, 8st 3lbPlatt 2
Lord Durham's br f Coventina, 8st 3lbBruckshaw 3
Also ran: Bryonia, 8st 13lb (inc. 9lb ex.); My Mary, 8st 3lb (car. 8st 4lb).
Betting: 6 to 5 agst Saratoga filly, 3 to 1 agst Bryonia, 7 to 2 agst Queen
Pippin, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won by a length; three lengths between
second and third.
The NORTH DURHAM HANDICAP of 5 sovs each, with 100 added;
second received 15 sovs; one mile and a quarter. 24 subs.
Mr. J. Colpitt's b g Little George (late Implorer), by Beadsman—
Revival, aged, 7stMorgan 1
Mr. Robinson's br m Annie Louise, 6 yrs, 6st 13lb (car. 7st)Fagan 2
Mr. T. Shepherd's ch m Relic, 5 yrs, 7stSharpe 3
Also ran: Agglethorpe, 6 yrs, 7st 11lb (car. 7st 12lb); Gordon, 4 yrs, 7st
3lb; Emilianus, 4 yrs, 6st; Princess Alice, 3 yrs, 6st.
Betting: 7 to 4 agst Annie Louise, 7 to 2 agst Agglethorpe, 5 to 1 agst
Little George, 7 to 1 agst Relic, and 10 to 1 agst any other. Won in a
canter by five lengths; two between second and third.
The UNITED OPEN HUNTERS' STAKES of 50 sovs added to 3 sovs
each; second received 10 sovs; 2 miles, on the flat.
Mr. John Rowland's b h Recruit, by Ceylon—Reserve, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb
Mr. Adams 1
Mr. C. Clark's b h Zaandam, 6 yrs, 11st 12lbMr. R. Walker 2
Mr. C. Perkins's br g Machiavelli, 4 yrs, 11st 7lbMr. R. Anson 3
Also ran: Banner, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb; Campanula, aged, 12st 3lb; Kingston,
6 yrs, 12st 10lb; Steeple Jack, aged, 12st 3lb; Earldom, 5 yrs, 11st 12lb;
Forget-me-Not, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb; Fireproof, 6 yrs, 11st 12lb; Onward, 5 yrs,
11st 12lb.
Betting: 7 to 4 agst Zaandam, 5 to 2 agst Machiavelli, 4 to 1 agst Recruit,
and 8 to 1 agst Fireproof. Won by ten lengths; a bad third. Onward was
fourth, Earldom fifth. The winner was objected to on the ground that Mr.
Adams was not qualified to ride, and the objection remains in abeyance.
Renewal of the LAMBTON STAKES of 5 sovs each. 1 ft, with 200 added,
for three year olds; penalties, &c.; second received 50 sovs; one mile and
a quarter. 45 subs.
Lord Durham's b f Datura, by Trumpeter—Poinsettia, 7st 13lb
Morgan 1
Mr. J. Johnstone's ch c by Mandrake—The Thane, 8st 3lbFagan 2
Mr. Northern's ch c Dunbarrie, 7st 13lbBruckshaw 3
Also ran: Hemlock, 9st 2lb; Constantine, 9st 5lb; Croupier, 9st 2lb;
Primesautier, 8st 3lb.
Betting: 5 to 2 agst Croupier, 7 to 2 agst Constantine, 4 to 1 agst Datura,
6 to 1 agst Primesautier, and 7 to 1 agst Hemlock. Won by a length; same
between second and third.

NORTHAMPTON MEETING.
TUESDAY.
The NORTHAMPTONSHIRE CUP, value 300 sovs, by subscription of 15
sovs each, 10 ft, with 100 added. About one mile. 27 subs.
Mr. R. N. Batt's ch h Thorn, by King of Trumps—Lady Alice Haw-
thorn, aged, 9st 7lb (inc 7lb ex)J. Osborne 1
Mr. T. Jennings's br f Plaisante, 3 yrs, 6st 11lbW. Johnson 2
Duke of Hamilton's ch c Lollypop, 4 yrs, 8st 3lbKossiter 3
Also ran: Coomassie, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb; Pilgrim, 5 yrs, 8st 4lb.
Betting: 5 to 4 agst Coomassie, 5 to 4 agst Thorn, 10 to 12 agst Lollypop,
10 to 1 agst Plaisante, and 100 to 7 agst Pilgrim. Won easily by a length;
three between second and third. Coomassie was fourth.
SELLING STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 100 added; winner to be sold
for £100. 5 fur.
Mr. F. Gretton's ch h Macadam, by Young Monarque—Mdle. Duplessis,
5 yrs, 10st 6lbCannon 1
Mr. T. Jefferson's b c Lord Byron, 3 yrs, 9st 4lbHunt 2
Mr. W. Brown's b m Red Rose, 5 yrs, 10st 3lbR. Wyatt 3
Also ran: Pibroch, 3 yrs, 9st 4lb; Collier, 4 yrs, 10st 4lb.
Betting: 6 to 4 on Macadam, 5 to 1 agst Pibroch, and 6 to 1 agst Lord
Byron. Won by a head; same between second and third. The winner was
bought in for 280 guineas.
The ALTHORP PARK STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 300 added, for
two-year-olds; half a mile. 84 subs, 23 of whom paid 3 sovs each.
Mr. F. Davis's b c Hudibras, by King Victor, dam by Ion—Rhedycina,
8st 12lbT. Cannon 1
Mr. C. Kayner, jun.'s, ch c Lord Clive, 8st 12lbGoater 2
Mr. Alex. Baltazzi's b c by Pero Gomez—Fair Star, 8st 12lbCustance 3
Count Festetic's f Blair Athol—Little Agnes, 8st 1lbParry 0
Mr. Crawford's Evening Star, 8st 9lbT. Chaloner 0
Lord Ellesmere's Dalgarno, 8st 9lbMorris 0
Lord Exeter's Lady Catty, 8st 6lbLuke 0
Lord Falmouth's Billy M'Daniel, 8st 12lbF. Archer 0
Mr. W. H. P. Jenkins's c by Gedeon—Columbine, 8st 9lbHuxtable 0
Mr. T. Jennings's Catania, 8st 6lbH. Jeffery 0
Lord Kesteven's Bravissima, 8st 6lbNewhouse 0
Count F. de Lagrange's Jeannine, 8st 9lbC. Archer 0
Mr. G. Lambert's Sophia Western, 8st 6lbMorley 0
Mr. F. Morton's Lorna Doone, 8st 9lbGlover 0
Lord Rosebery's Keckubk, 8st 9lbConstable 0
Mr. C. Samuda's Caledonia, 8st 9lbC. Wood 0
Betting: 2 to 1 agst Lord Clive, 4 to 1 agst Fair Star, 100 to 12 agst
Bravissima, 10 to 1 each agst Hudibras and Billy M'Daniel, and 100 to 8
each agst Keckubk and Little Agnes filly. Won by a length; half a length
between second and third. The Little Agnes filly, Dalgarno, and Jeannie
were close up almost in a line, and the remainder were headed by Keckubk
and Billy M'Daniel.
The STAND CUP of 200 sovs in specie, by subscription of 10 sovs each,
with 100 added; 5 furlongs, straight. 16 subs.
Mr. R. Howett's b c Rosinante, by Kosicrucian—Kalipyge, 4 yrs,
8st 8lb (£250)F. Archer 1
Mr. F. Davis's br c Paramatta, 5 yrs, 9st 10lb (£250)Constable 2
Mr. Ellerton's br g Templar, aged, 9st 7lb (£250)K. Wyatt 3
Betting: 70 to 1 on Rosinante, 3 to 1 agst Templar, and 5 to 1 agst
Paramatta. Won by a head; bad third. The winner was sold to Mr. F.
Davis for 60 guineas.
EARL SPENCER'S PLATE of 200 sovs, added to 15 sovs each, 10 ft;
winners extra; 5 furlongs. 74 subs, 32 of whom paid 3 sovs each.
Mr. Alexander Baltazzi's br c Cœruleus, by Beadsman—Bas Bleu,
5 yrs, 7st 13lbF. Archer 1
Mr. Trenham's b h Wanderer, 5 yrs, 6st 3lbMorrell 2
Mr. Howsin's br f Woodlark, 4 yrs, 7st 6lb (inc 5lb ex) (car 7st 7lb)
Morley 3
Mr. T. Jennings's Ecossais, 6 yrs, 9st 12lbGoater 0
Sir F. Johnstone's Poursuivant, 5 yrs, 8st 9lbCannon 0
General Pearson's Chevron, 3 yrs, 7st 4lbHuxtable 0
Lord Exeter's Vril, 6 yrs, 7st 3lbLuke 0
Mr. D. Cooper's Cannon Ball, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb (inc 10lb ex)C. Wood 0
Mr. Savile's Inglewood Ranger, 6 yrs, 8st 13lbH. Covey 0
Duke of Hamilton's Beaucharnais, 3 yrs, 6st 8lbLemaire 0
Major Stapilton's Slander, 4 yrs, 6st 3lbW. Macdonald 0
Mr. T. Ansley's Lady Ronald, 3 yrs, 6st 3lbJ. Jarvis 0
Sir G. Chetwynd's Fremantle, 4 yrs, 6st 2lb (car 6st 4lb)Chesterman 0
Lord Hartington's Belphebe, 3 yrs, 5st 13lbGreaves 0
Mr. F. Morton's Sandwell, 3 yrs, 5st 11lb (car 5st 13lb)Hopkins 0
Captain Bayley's Princess Bon-Bon, 4 yrs, 5st 11lb (car 5st 13lb)
Weedon 0
Mr. F. Gretton's Bank Note, aged, 5st 11lbGallon 0
Mr. G. Kruckenberg's Forty Winks, 3 yrs, 5st 7lbHards 0
Betting: 4 to 1 agst Poursuivant, 100 to 15 agst Cœruleus, 8 to 1 agst
Wanderer, 9 to 1 agst Fremantle, 10 to 1 agst Woodlark, 100 to 8 agst
Slander, 18 to 1 agst Inglewood Ranger, 25 to 1 each agst Ecossais, Vril,
and Beaucharnais, 33 to 1 agst Sandwell, and 50 to 1 agst Belphebe. Won
by a head; two lengths between second and third; Chevron was fourth, and
Beaucharnais, Slander, Cannon Ball and Poursuivant next.
The WAKEFIELD LAWN STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 100 added, for
two year olds; half a mile. 9 subs.
Lord Hartington's br c by Ethelred—Esther's dam, 8st 5lb (£100)
H. Jeffery 1
Mr. M. Dawson's b f Belle of Sutherland, 8st 2lb (£100)F. Archer 2
Mr. Crook's ch c Chatterbox, 8st 5lb (£100)Kossiter 3
Also ran: Favana, 8st 2lb (£100); c by Paul Jones—Jessamine, 8st 5lb
(£100); Culloden, 8st 5lb (£100); Adriatic, 8st 2lb (£100); Narbo, 8st 5lb
(£100).

Betting: 5 to 2 agst Chatterbox, 3 to 1 agst Esther's dam colt, 4 to 1 agst
Adriatic, 11 to 2 agst Narbo, 8 to 1 agst Jessamine colt, and 10 to 1 each
agst Favana and Belle of Sutherland. Won easily by a length; half a
length between second and third. The winner was bought in for 300 guineas.
The ST. LIZ HANDICAP of 200 sovs, added to 15 sovs each, 10 ft;
about 1 mile. 32 subs, 20 of whom paid 3 sovs each.
Mr. Chaplin's b c Strike, by Miner—Stolen Moments, 4 yrs, 6st 9lb (car.
6st 10lb)Luke 1
Sir George Chetwynd's ch c Geryon, 4 yrs, 6st 11lbChesterman 2
Mr. Savile's ch f Zee, 4 yrs, 7stCovey 3
Lord Howe's Tetrach, 4 yrs, 7st 7lbW. Macdonald 0
Mr. Bingham's Harry Bluff, 5 yrs, 7st 6lbWainwright 0
Mr. Griffith's St. Moritz, 4 yrs, 6st 7lbWeedon 0
Mr. T. Jenkin's Wiseacre, 3 yrs, 5st 10lbHarding 0
Betting: 7 to 4 agst Geryon, 9 to 2 agst Strike, 6 to 1 each agst Tetrach,
Harry Bluff, and Zee, and 8 to 1 agst Wiseacre. Won easily by a length;
three-quarters between second and third.
WEDNESDAY.
The WHITLEBURY STAKES of 100 sovs added to 10 sovs each. Five
furlongs.
Sir W. A. Lethbridge's Tribute, by King Tom—Duty, 3 yrs, 8st 11lb
Cannon 1
Duke of Hamilton's Beaucharnais, 3 yrs, 8st 11lbCustance 2
Count F. de Lagrange's Jeannine, 2 yrs, 6st 11lbW. Johnson 3
Betting: 6 to 4 on Beaucharnais, 9 to 4 agst Tribute, and 8 to 1 agst
Jeannine. Won by two lengths; a dead-heat for second.
The DELAPKE WELTER HANDICAP PLATE of 100 sovs. Five
furlongs.
Mr. Trentham's br g Wanderer, by Saunterer—Regina, by Autocrat, 5
yrs, 8st 3lbC. Wood 1
Lord Hartington's Belphebe, 3 yrs, 7st 13lbH. Jeffery 2
Mr. R. Peck's Policy, 4 yrs, 8st 9lb (car 8st 11lb)F. Webb 3
Also ran: Paramatta, 5 yrs, 8st 13lb; Kingsclere, 3 yrs, 7st 6lb; Forty
Winks, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb.
Betting: 11 to 8 on Wanderer, 5 to 1 agst Kingsclere, and 10 to 1 agst
Paramatta. Won by three lengths: four between second and third; Forty
Winks was a bad fourth.
The AUCTION STAKES of 10 sovs each, with 200 added; for two-year
olds, purchased by public auction in 1876. Half a mile.
Mr. Pulteney's Preciosa (late Viola), 8st 4lbH. Jeffery 1
Mr. Howard's Modesty, 7st 6lb (£100)Weedon 2
Mr. R. James's br f Aurora, 8st 4lbMorley 3
Mr. Craven's ch c Chatterbox, 7st 9lb (£100)Hopkins 4
Also ran: Hiero, 7st 9lb (£100); La Faineante, 7st 6lb (£100); Musical
Times, 8st 2lb; Fiddlestring, 8st 9lb (7lb ex); Britannia 7st 13lb; Mush-
room, 8st 2lb.
Betting: 5 to 2 agst Preciosa, 4 to 1 agst Fiddlestring, 5 to 1 each agst
Musical Times and Modesty, and 10 to 1 each agst Chatterbox and Aurora.
Won by a length; Aurora finishing a head behind Modesty, three quarters
of a length in advance of Chatterbox.
The GREAT NORTHAMPTONSHIRE STAKES of 300 sovs, added to
a handicap sweepstakes of 20 sovs each, 15 ft. (About two miles).
Mr. T. Jennings's Queen of Cyprus, by King Tom—Cypriana, 4 yrs,
6st 10lbW. Johnson 1
Duke of Ujest's Talisman (late Figaro II.), 6 yrs, 8st 1lbParry 2
Sir J. D. Astley's Scamp, 6 yrs, 8st 4lbF. Archer 3
Mr. P. Gretton's Pageant, 6 yrs, 8st 6lbGlover 0
Mr. Crawford's Morning Star, 4 yrs, 7st 6lbHuxtable 0
Mr. Masque's br h Cornbrook, 5 yrs, 7st 4lb (car 7st 5lb)C. Wood 0
Lord Exeter's Joseph, 4 yrs, 6st 11lbLuke 0
Mr. Savile's c by Parmesan—Doeskin, 3 yrs, 6st 8lbF. Jeffery 0
Mr. T. Cannon's Strudwicke, 3 yrs, 6st 5lbHopkins 0
Mr. T. Valentine's Vale King, 3 yrs, 6st 3lbW. Macdonald 0
Betting: 5 to 2 agst Scamp, 4 to 1 agst Morning Star, 5 to 1 agst Queen
of Cyprus, 6 to 1 agst Doeskin colt, 10 to 1 agst Strudwicke, 100 to 6
agst Talisman, 100 to 3 agst Pageant, and 50 to 1 each agst Vale King and
Cornbrook. Queen of Cyprus made all the running, and won in a canter
by thirty lengths in advance of the pulling-up lot, of which Scamp was un-
questionably second best. Strudwicke made up his ground so rapidly at
the last that he finished fourth, clear of Morning Star, who was fifth, and
at wide intervals behind them Pageant finished sixth, Cornbrook seventh,
Joseph eighth, the Doeskin colt ninth, and Vale King last, tailed off a long
way.
The SULBY SELLING PLATE of 100 sovs; 5 fur.
Mr. Jefferson's Lord Byron, 3 yrs, 9st 3lb (£50)Hunt 1
Mr. W. Brown's Red Rose, 5 yrs, 10st 2lb (£50)Wyatt 2
Mr. Chaplin's f by Hermit—Yarra-Yarra, 3 yrs, 9st (£50)J. Goater 3
Also ran: Element, 3 yrs, 9st 3lb (£50); Collier, 4 yrs, 10st 3lb (£50); c
by King of Scots—Little Lady, 2 yrs, 7st 11lb (£50).
Betting: 2 to 1 agst the Yarra-Yarra filly, 3 to 1 each agst Lord Byron
and Little Lady colt, 5 to 1 agst Red Rose, 6 to 1 agst Element, and 10 to 1
agst Collier. Won in a canter by three lengths; a bad third. The winner
was sold to Mr. W. Brown for 350s., and the Little Lady colt to Mr.
Potter for 20s.
The WELTER CUP of 200 sovs, by subscription of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with
100 sovs added; penalties, &c. About 7 furlongs.
Sir G. Chetwynd's ch Geryon by Lylphus—Adrasta, 4 yrs, 10st 5lb
Parry 1
Mr. J. Sone's Corsair, 3 yrs, 9st 4lbConstable 2
Mr. T. Bingham's St. Patrick, 6 yrs, 10st 10lbCustance 3
Also ran: Lazzarone, 3 yrs, 9st; Wiseacre, 3 yrs, 8st 12lb; Columbus,
3 yrs, 8st 12lb.
Betting: 6 to 5 agst Columbus, 7 to 4 agst Geryon, and 10 to 1 agst any
other (offered). Won in a canter by four lengths; bad third. Columbus
was fourth, Wiseacre fifth, and Lazzarone last.
The PYCHLEY HUNTERS' STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 50 sovs
added. About two miles.
Mr. Golby's Sheet Anchor by General Peel—Marie Louise, 6 yrs, 11st 5lb
Mr. H. Owen 1
Sir G. Chetwynd's ch g Magellan, 4 yrs, 11st 12lbMr. W. Bevil 2
Mr. W. D. Manning's b c Stratagem, 4 yrs, 11st 2lbMr. R. Shaw 3
Also ran: Hurlingham, aged, 11st 5lb; Blytheswood, 6 yrs, 12st 12lb;
Margherita, 6 yrs, 11st 7lb.
Betting: 6 to 4 on Magellan, 4 to 1 agst Hurlingham, 6 to 1 agst Strata-
gem, and 100 to 3 agst Sheet Anchor. Won by half a length; a neck
between second and third. The others pulled up.

A FIRST-CLASS concert will be given at the Shaftesbury Hall,
Wandsworth, on the 9th instant, under the patronage of Sir
H. W. Peel, Bart., M.P.; Sir Trevor Lawrence, Bart., M.P.;
Sir John Bennett, and other gentlemen.
THE Northampton Race Cup of 1877 has been designed by
Mr. Harry Barrett, for the manufacturers, Stephen Smith and
Son, and takes the form of a Silver Vase of a rich Italian
character, with Watteau figures, supported by a massive base
decorated with festoons of oak. The cover of the vase is sur-
mounted by the Castle (the arms of Northampton), and has two
important basso-reliefs representing scenes from the early
history of the town and neighbourhood, one being the eventful
battle during the Wars of the Roses, fought under the walls of
the town, which resulted in King Henry VI. being taken pri-
soner by the Earl of Warwick, his queen, the beautiful Margaret
of Anjou, escaping from the field; and the other the visit of
Queen Elizabeth to the Town, Her Majesty being met on the
bridge by the mayor and burgesses in great state.
MESSRS. NURDIN and PEACOCK's concert at the Albert Hall
on Easter Monday, in aid of the Cheesemongers' Benevolent
Institution, was a most decided, and we should imagine,
pecuniary success. Of the numerous known celebrities who took
part there was but one absentee, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and one of
the songs set down for him was rendered by the *débutante* of the
evening, Mdle. Emilia Chiomi, in a manner that left nothing to be
desired. This new candidate for public favour, whose appearance
had been heralded by numerous puffs preliminary, proved herself
thoroughly worthy of the good things that had been said. Her
first effort, Handel's "Angels ever bright," gained a unanimous
encore, and in compliance with the demand for its repetition,
substituted Blumenthal's "Message," in a manner so artistically
perfect as to leave no doubt of her being a valuable acquisition to
our concert-room sopranos. Encores were the order of the
evening—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Madame Patey, Miss
Anna Williams, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Thurley Beale being
each honoured in this respect. The band of the Grenadier
Guards, under the conductorship of Mr. Dan Godfrey, gave
several admirable selections, and though they were all of con-
siderable length, the audience would not suffer the programme
to proceed until part of the arrangement of Scottish national
melodies was repeated.
MORE CURES OF COUGHS, ASTHMA, AND TIGHTNESS OF
CHEST, by DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—From Mr. Fell, Chemist,
Dewsbury. "Dr. Locock's Wafers for Tightness of Chest, I found
answer admirably, and I hear the highest eulogium from others who have
tried them for Coughs, Asthma, &c." Price 1s. 1d., of all druggists.—
[Advrt.]

Lumours of the past Month March 1877

Our sincerest laughter
with some "plain
is fraught"



Commencement of the Racing Season



"Petit Bon Homme Vit Encore."

March, "Comes in like a Lion"



and goes out like a Lamb.



Spring's Delights



THE DARLING OF THE BALLP
The great Tenor
in great Form

"Come buy my pretty Violets."

The Secret Interview (?)



Sending in day for the Academy
Our Artist is a little behind hand this year



Western outdone
Our Boys run of 700 nights! and they will not let it
1877 March 31

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

It seems a great hardship and monstrously unfair that the sum of money which the "darling of our crew," T. P. Cooke, before he went "aloft," willed and bequeathed for the special encouragement of native dramatic authorship, to the extent of one hundred pounds per annum, should have been diverted from its rightful channel and absorbed in quite other and foreign uses. It



is all very well to tell us that the difficulties in the way of according the prize were so unsurmountable that it became necessary, if the money was to be used at all, to obtain legal authority and sink it in another institution. This, I believe, is what has been done. But can the trustees of the bequest boast during the ten years that have passed since Mr. Selous received the £100 prize for his drama of *True to the Core*, that out of a thousand pounds of the money otherwise used, there has subsequently issued any such good fruit as resulted from the single original award? No.



And if the experiment of offering the prize was so successful in the outset why should not the conditions of the legacy have been regularly carried out year after year? If it had been, there is every reason to believe that the stage would now possess several good nautical dramas besides *True to the Core*, to testify to the wisdom and judgment of T. P. Cooke's bequest. To be sure no dramatist of recognised position would think of writing such a drama for the inadequate recompense of one hundred pounds, but such a prize would have been the means of developing obscure talent. There is little use talking now however. The money is gone. To serve what purpose or whose ends, matters little to the possible authors who have been deprived of its benefit. Still it would be some satisfaction to know exactly what has become of money which was left as a public legacy. Some other questions suggest themselves with regard to the T. P. Cooke "prize drama." In whom is the acting right of *True to the Core* vested? Can any manager play it without paying any author's fees; and, if not, to whom are the fees payable? To Mr. Selous? or to some charitable fund? Because if it can be played for nothing, it is a remarkably cheap acting drama at the price, and it's a wonder managers do not oftener revive it. If Mr. Selous has retained the right, he ought by this time to have made nearly as much money out of it as Boucicault

has made out of *Arrah na Pogue*, or the *Shaughraun*. As to how these matters really stand, enlighten our darkness, we beseech thee, somebody, for we are sorely vexed and troubled in spirit, because of our ignorance concerning them.

That business-disturbing and police-court crowding period called Eastertide has produced such a plethora of "first nights" at the theatres that I have not yet had sufficient leisure to disentangle in my mind the various new comedies, melodramas, and burlesques which for the past week I have nightly and laboriously witnessed. As a critic, you will allow that I am slow to censure, and abundant in patience and mercy. At all events, I can wait patiently for a more fitting opportunity than the present to particularly review any one of the new pieces which have been produced this week. I may, however, generally indicate those I have seen. At the Criterion the humorous author of *Two Roses* has, beyond doubt, succeeded in deriving from *Les Dominos Roses* an unquestionably diverting comedy. That the morality, or, rather, immorality, of plot (for there is rather more of the latter than of the former) is essentially Palais Royal in flavour, is a fact which cannot blind any just critic to the merits of its construction. In this respect, as well as in the humor and abundance of its ingenious complications, it is far superior to any of the Palais Royal pieces that have been adapted to the English stage. Its morals are about on a par with those of Congreve's *Love for Love* and *Way of the World*, its language not so witty, but also less indelicate. Readers who may remember my remarks in this place upon the *Great Divorce Case* and *Hot Water* will not accuse me of slowness to condemn Palais Royal pruriency. But I like to be consistent, and it seems to me not a little absurd that the critics who did not discover any particular naughtiness in those two pieces nor in *On Bail* should grow so suddenly and snappishly virtuous over *Pink Dominos*, which, in truth, is no whit more morally objectionable than its predecessors. It is certainly more attractive than any of these, inasmuch as it is vastly better conceived and constructed, and it does not introduce



to us the inevitable opéra-bouffe courtesan who of late has done duty for the Parisian *Cocotte* upon the Criterion stage. We have not made up our minds quite as to the sort of audiences who flock to the Criterion to see this class of entertainment. We do not know whether respectable women go, or modest girls. Methinks the saffron robe prevaleth. But in an age when the literary provender of maidens is so largely leavened with the novels of Ouida and other rather less distinguished though equally prurient fiction-mongers, a playful Palais Royal farce or two upon the stage is hardly needed.

To complete the perdition so aptly begun in them.

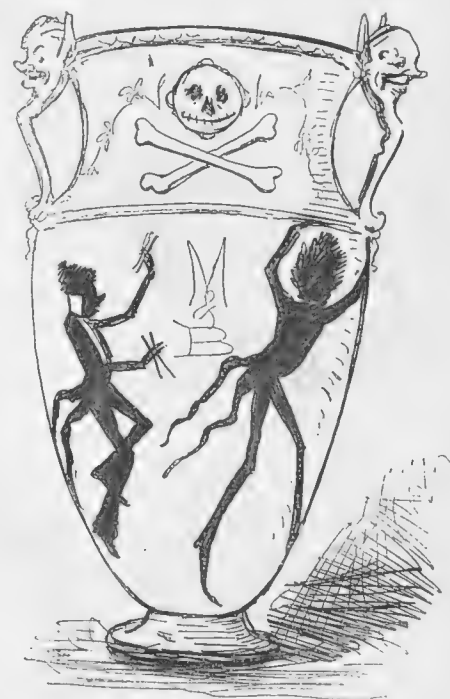
To proceed with my notes. At the Olympic the *Scuttled Ship* is a sort of trial of dramatic constructive skill of Charles Reade versus Dion Boucicault. The constructor of *Foul Play* wins by nearly two acts and a prologue. I will fully report upon this interesting struggle at an early date. *Oxygen* at the Folly is a Lydia Thompson burlesque. Better written than usual, Mr. Reece having assisted Mr. Farnie. The story is *Docteur Ox*. Neat and fanciful, but the execution falls off towards conclusion. "Topical" ditties rather feeble. Brought not well fitted in his part—as yet. Edouin grotesquely dull. Lydia Thompson charming as ever. Mem.—To go and see *Oxygen* some weeks later on, the "working-up" powers of this company being proverbial. New burlesque at the Gaiety, by Burnand, rather good. Some remarkably clever dancing. At the Duke's, Holborn, *Two Mothers*. Howling melodrama slightly relieved by some intelligent acting. All these and some other new pieces and notable revivals I hope to deal with more fully and pictorially at another time.

Some country friends of mine, who are not yet sufficiently well seasoned to appreciate Palais Royal, or, indeed, "leg" pieces, being in town and very anxious to see the Moore and Burgess Minstrels at St. James's Hall, I accompanied them thither. I had not visited these dusky performers for several years. However, I found the nature of the entertainment but little changed, and the usual crowded audience of well-to-do middle-class people enjoying it with unimpaired gusto. This show has always been somewhat of a mystery to me. The performances are, for the most part, of the simplest description. There is no lavish expenditure or glittering pageant—no "sensation" of any kind to attract popular attention—and I suppose if the performers were to appear with unblackened faces the charm of the thing, in the eyes of the multitude, would be wiped away along with the burnt cork. Yet, while theatrical and operatic managers have come and gone, sinking fortunes in magnificent and ambitious speculations in the regions of high art, the two worthy proprietors of this simple exhibition have proceeded on their course rejoicing for about twenty years, more or less, amassing large fortunes, and finding no diminution in the popularity of their enterprise. Wonderful are thy ways, O public! and verily, he who understandeth

them is wise in his generation! I give it up. It must be acknowledged, however, that there is much in the musical portion of the Moore and Burgess entertainment that is thoroughly artistic. Albeit the moral and pathetic ditties are often of an extra-goody sentimental order, rather unpalatable to the worldly-minded, it is evident they go straight to the sympathies of the multitude. Among the minstrels, too, there are singers of undoubted talent and training; and the orchestra, though not



extensive, is excellent. It is a significant fact, by the way, that the distinctively "nigger" features of the show—the "Way down Ole Virginny" business—has almost entirely vanished. New songs by popular composers prevail. A charming one, "My Ariel," composed by Henry Pontet, and excellently sung by Mr. W. S. Leslie, I particularly remember. The buffooneries, which relieve the more serious portion of the entertainment, are not more inane than similar performances upon the regular stage. Mr. G. W. Moore is an undoubted natural humorist, if of a rough



order. An acrobatic burlesque of the Girards, by Messrs. T. Sully, James Moore, and Rene, is very clever. I found the vigorous merriment a little overpowering, but the rest of the audience was so vociferously amused, I felt somewhat ashamed of the feebleness of my powers of appreciation. Is old age creeping upon me? Am I going to break up? With such reflections I left the Moore and Burgess Minstrels.

THE reproduction of *Henry V.* at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Manchester, with its fine scenery, costumes, and accessories, is attracting highly flattering attention. Mrs. Charles Calvert once more appears as Clio, the muse of history, and again wins that high praise which her splendid elocution has always merited. The play has been drawing crowded and delighted audiences.

THE Royal Polytechnic Institution has provided the holiday folks with a series of the most enjoyable evenings, the entertainments being numerous, varied, and specially attractive, as well as highly useful and interesting mediums for conveying information on scientific matters of every-day importance.

IMPROVED weather is doing much for Ramsgate. A correspondent who is staying at the Granville Hotel there informs us that it has just now over two hundred visitors under its roof, many constantly arriving whom the manager is unable to accommodate. One hundred and seventy bathed on the morning of our correspondent's writing.

THE library of the late Jules Janin, the celebrated French dramatic critic and feuilletonist, was recently sold at auction for about 25,000 francs.

"TARTUFFE."

NEITHER Molière, nor his masterpiece, *Tartuffe*, can be properly understood by those who do not know how the way was gradually paved for it and its author's introduction. It is a very important part of the history of the stage in France, and incidentally has a bearing upon the history of comedy upon our own stage not often recognised, although it is of no mean consequence.

The wandering pilgrims, with their long staves and their cockle-shell adorned hats and cloaks, who were the parents of the drama in Paris, so delighted the shop-keeping citizens of that old capital with their performances, that money was subscribed to purchase a piece of ground and erect a theatre for them, at the Burgh of St. Maur. There they played *The Passion of Our Saviour*, and at once became immensely popular with all classes of the community, so that they were known far and wide as "The Brethren of the Passion." Charles VI., with all the great nobles of his court, patronised them; and at last he granted them a patent, bearing date October, 1402. And shortly after, finding the three leagues which divided them from Paris bad for their pious and amusing business, they came to the city itself, and, having permission, opened, at the Hospital of the Trinity, the first theatre the Parisians had known since the old times of their Roman conquerors. That theatre flourished through all the changeable times of trouble and turmoil which belonged to the reign of Charles VI., Charles VII., and part of that of Louis XI., and was so prosperous that rival theatres were erected to compete with it; and the fame of the "Brethren" became shared with that of "The Children of the Sans-souci," and that of "The clerks of La Bazoche."

The children of the Sans-souci were distinguished as the chief and foremost, who departed from the old Mysteries or Passion plays by introducing those burlesque subjects, or "fooleries," which were commonly called "The Game of Split Peas." In 1539, the Brethren of the Passion had so degenerated from their original aims that they pandered to the lowest and coarsest tastes of the multitude, and, being ejected from the House of the Trinity, erected in 1543 the first building in Paris specially designed as a theatre. It stood where the hotel of Burgundy, then newly destroyed, had stood, fronting the streets of New St. Francis and Manconseil, and the Brethren were permitted to open it on certain conditions. They were to abandon religious subjects altogether, and perform nothing that was not lawful and decent.

The heterogeneous mixture of morality and buffoonery which reigned on the new Parisian stage flourished for a time, but at length the old playgoers grew weary thereof, and began to clamour for novelty. Hence the brethren also grew weary, let their theatre to other players, and got the license transferred to them. Then Rousard came with his gallicised translations of the old Roman tragic writers, full of absurdly stilted language, artificial sentiments, and bombastical extravagance, whereby the foundation was laid of French tragedy as it was afterwards known when fully developed in the refinement and grandeur of Corneille, Molière's contemporary. When the Parisian playgoers were growing weary of these dull eternal tragedies, in the year 1552, Stephen Jodelle, sculptor, painter, architect, and poet, introduced tragedy and comedy of the ancient form, whereby all the old enthusiasm for the drama was re-awakened and intensified. The Parisians were delighted with such diversified entertainments, and crowded eagerly to fill and over-fill the theatre of the Hotel Burgundy—for so it was still called. Even the King—Henry II.—honoured the performance with his presence, and probably laughed with the rest when Stephen in the prologue to his comedy of *Eugene*, satirised the poor defeated Brethren of the Passion who had once so delighted the ungrateful playgoers, who were then so loudly applauding those by whom their former favourites were mocked.

Jodelle was succeeded by Baiff, La Perose, and Grevin (all of whom ridiculed the poor brethren of the Passion, and were heartily applauded) and he died in 1573, in the forty-first year of his age; twenty years after Henry II. had granted the new brethren their letters patent; ten years after Charles IX. had kindly for-

given them the non-payment of certain taxes, for which the deputy procureur-general of the Treasury chamber had seized their effects, and also exempted them from all future payment of such taxes; and one year after the curate of St. Eustache complaining of their pandering to those tastes which had brought their predecessors into disfavour, obtained a decree from the Chatelet that the Brethren should not open the doors of their theatres until after vespers. And so it came that the theatre was deserted, and the players were plunged into care and poverty until tearful petitioning and earnest promising won them back their old privilege of playing by daylight while the roads were still safe for properly armed travellers, and people were not barred and bolted in their cautiously watched and guarded domiciles. Then the followers of Jodelle became more and more numerous, and other companies of players came into being, and these not being allowed to play in Paris took to travelling, and so spread a love of the drama into the provinces, where that love took root and grew stronger and stronger, so that other companies sprang up, and in the fair land of France players abounded.

But just now I am not writing a history of the French stage, so must not dwell either upon the events I have briefly touched upon or those which succeeded them. Therefore we will jump at once to the year 1622.

When that year was but fifteen days old, one of the old Parisian playgoers who constantly visited the theatre and knew all about most of the above events and circumstances, an upholsterer, named Poguelin, occupying a house at the corner of the Rue St. Honoré, was presented with a son, whom he named Jean Baptiste. The upholsterer, the descendant of a race of upholsterers and playgoer, was a man of some consequence, being *valet-de-chambre tapissier* to the King of France. Little Pierre Baptiste grew and flourished, and his grandfather, who must have witnessed the rise of the French stage, used often to take the lad to his favourite haunt, the theatre, and talk to him about the Brethren he had seen play in the old times of Moralities and Mysteries. And these things sank into the boy's heart, so that at nineteen, when he was compelled to take his father's place, he did so with much heartfelt reluctance. Soon after he, with other young men, began acting plays for their own amusement, and none who know what clever amateur acting nearly always ends in, will be surprised to find him in 1645, at the head of a troop of professional actors and amateurs, whom he was forming into a new company under the title of *L'illustre Théâtre*, he having, at the solicitation of his family, abandoned his real name and assumed that which now glorifies the great author of *Tartuffe*. Amongst the players who were then with him we note the brothers Béjart, their sister Madeleine (with whom Molière was in love), Duparc, nick-named *Gros-René*, and Mlle. Duparc.

This is not the occasion, nor have I space wherein to touch upon the romantic and affecting incidents of Molière's career, or those of his melancholy end. He was as true as he was kindly of heart, as condescending and as considerate to the meanest and poorest of his little company of itinerant players as he was nobly great in the efforts of his genius; and detestation will never be wanting to blacken the memory of that sensual bigot, the Curate of St. Eustache, who refused him Christian burial because he was a player.

Tartuffe, from a scene in which our illustration has been taken, was Molière's chef d'œuvre, and will be known to most English playgoers as the model upon which Cibber founded his and Isaac Bickerstaff's play of *The Hypocrite*. *Tartuffe* is the proper name of the principal character of the comedy, which is, of all comedies, the most finished and masterly. Full of vigorous animation, true to the life Molière witnessed, and wonderfully finished even in its minutest details, it moves every reader to enthusiastic admiration. *Tartuffe* is a crafty villain sunk into abject poverty, who, by assuming piety, contrives to impose upon the honest credulity of Orgon so effectually that Orgon offers him his daughter in marriage, and makes over to him by a legal act all his property. Then the mask is off. *Tartuffe* attempts to debauch his benefactor's wife, and failing, turns Orgon out of the house which had so recently been his own, and by misusing certain papers entrusted to him as a friend, causes his benefactor to be arrested and shut up in a prison.

The most extolled scenes in this vivacious and brilliant comedy are, perhaps, that which opens it and that between Orgon Cléante and Dorine, when Orgon, hearing the story Servante relates of his wife, ejaculates at each fresh circumstance the question, "*et Tartuffe ?*" and at each fresh proof of the hypocrite's gluttony and selfish indulgence, sighs out, "*Le pauvre homme !*" *Tartuffe* does not appear on the stage until about the middle of the third act, and the way in which his appearance is prepared for and we are all along led to expect and look for it, is certainly one of the most skilful pieces of playwright art ever created. The rascal's influence moulds our thoughts long before we see him, and he enters with a weight and importance which commands our deepest interest in the work he has so craftily commenced. Before the end of the third act Molière contrives that *Tartuffe* shall, through his assumed humility and piety, show his real character, without the aid of any of the usual soliloquies or confidential communications with a confederate, or the audience. We tremble for the victim whom serpent like his coils are entwining the while he fascinates her, and we are terrified when suddenly throwing off the mask he exclaims—

"C'est à vous de sortir, vous qui parlez en maître!"

Molière's hatred of the Jesuits found forcible expression in this play, and its attack upon them was never forgotten nor forgiven. But we need no better proof than is supplied in the character of Cléante that Molière had real respect for true piety, and there is a true sermon in ideal Christianity in her words, when seeing the hypocritical villain who had so terribly deceived and deeply injured her, bitterly humiliated and condemned to prison, she checks the exultation of Orgon, and exclaims—

"Ah! mon frère, arrêtez
Et ne descendez point à des indignités!
A son mauvais destin laissez un misérable,
Et ne vous joignez point aux remords qui l'accable."

None the less did the clergy protest against the public representation of *Tartuffe*, as an insult to religion, and for a time they succeeded in persuading the king to prohibit its production on the stage. Bourdaloue, when it was permitted to be played, made it the text of a sermon, in which he strongly denounced it, on the ground that it was impossible to hold up religious hypocrisy to ridicule and scorn without causing that scorn and ridicule to fall upon real religion, because the one imitated the other much too closely for discrimination. "When profane wits," said he, "have taken to censure hypocrisy, they thereby cause unjust suspicions to be entertained of real piety." The argument is senseless and mischievous enough, as will be readily enough seen when it is applied to other vices not specially disguised by the outer cloak of religion. But it has not died out, and never does the drama of to-day lash religious hypocrisy on the stage without our witnessing the revival of this foolish objection.

Our artist has selected the scene where, in mystic jargon and beatific style, *Tartuffe* is overheard by Orgon's son, making love to his benefactor's wife.

A. H. WALL.

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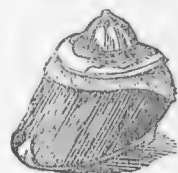
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LOMBARD DEPOSIT BANK (LIMITED).

(Extract from the Directors' Report, presented to the Shareholders at the Fourth Ordinary General Meeting, held at the Cannon-street Hotel, on Saturday, the 3rd March, 1877.)

THE LOMBARD DEPOSIT BANK (LIMITED) having completed its second year, the Directors have the pleasure of presenting to the Shareholders and Depositors their usual report and Balance Sheet, this being the Annual one, but the fourth since the Bank's incorporation, and it having been the most prosperous year the Bank has had, the particulars cannot fail to prove satisfactory to all who are interested in the Company's progress.

From the following figures, which are duly certified by the Auditors as correct, it will be seen that during this year the Directors have received applications for advances of sums amounting in the aggregate to £214,000, of these a considerable portion fell through, because on investigation the security offered was found to be insufficient in value, or defective in title, but your Directors succeeded in completing advances to the amount of £68,653, being more than double the amount advanced during the initial year of the Bank's existence.

During the past six months the Directors have made, in addition to temporary loans, 421 advances of a more permanent character (making a total of 822 advances for the year) on securities amounting to £33,360, upon which the interest and bonus amount to £5,760, and after defraying the expenses of Management, and writing off to Suspense Fund £488, and £500 to increase the Reserve Fund to £1,000, it leaves a balance of £1,425 to be carried forward. These figures show at once the satisfactory condition of the Company.

During the same period the receipts from deposits have been £8,548, and the withdrawals £6,763, so that we have received £1,785 more than we have paid out. We have advanced £34,064, and we have received back £12,755. Our advances therefore are larger than the repayments.

If the above figures are compared with those in the preceding balance-sheet, you will observe that we have continued our usual satisfactory course of business—every department showing a steady increase in the number and extent of our transactions. Some idea of the magnitude of this young institution may be formed from the fact that the total turn over for the year amounts to nearly £224,100, while the amount due to the Company, and for which ample security is held, has now reached the sum of £21,349. In addition to this, the Directors call attention to the fact—a most important one—that within two years of the Bank's establishment, the reserve amounts to £1,000. This large increase in each department of the Company's business, during the past year, evidences the growing and steadfast confidence of the public in the management of the Bank; is most encouraging to the Board, and will be a source of great gratification to the Shareholders. That confidence the Board has sought by constant and conscientious efforts in conducting the business of the Company, on the soundest principles, by investing the moneys entrusted to their charge with the utmost caution and care, by refusing all offered securities which were either speculative or risky, and accepting only such as were legitimate and of ample value.

The Directors also desire to draw the Shareholders' attention to the fact that the whole of the shares are allotted except 5,300. They now offer 3,300 to the present Shareholders and the public at par, the remaining 2,000 at a premium (to be placed to Reserve Fund) of 5s. per share. The Directors believe that the present position of the Bank justifies them in adopting this course.

AT THE FOURTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Shareholders of the Lombard Deposit Bank (Limited), held at the Cannon-street Hotel, on Saturday, the 3rd March, 1877, Colonel Mahon in the Chair, the Directors' Report and Statement of Accounts were unanimously approved, and a Dividend at the rate of 12½ per cent. was declared. The cordial thanks of the meeting were unanimously passed to Mr. James Pryor, the Manager of the Company, and to the Chairman and Directors.

By Order of the Board,
RICHARD TYLER, Secretary.
35, Lombard-street, 5th March, 1877.

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Horses on view Saturday.

NOTICE—THURSDAY'S SALES.
MESSRS. TATTERSALL beg to give notice that their THURSDAY'S SALES have now COMMENCED, and will be CONTINUED THROUGHOUT THE SEASON. Horses on View. Catalogues ready every Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock.—ALBERT-GATE, HYDE-PARK.

SPECIAL IMPORTANT SALE OF HORSES.
MESSRS. TATTERSALL have received instructions from Mr. Barnes, of Andover (who is relinquishing his business), to SELL by AUCTION, without reserve, on THURSDAY, the 12th of April, at ALBERT GATE, his entire stock of upwards of 100 HORSES, including many valuable teams of chestnuts and browns, also pairs of state carriage, landau, and phaeton horses, beautifully matched, with very grand action; also young horses for hunting purposes, harness horses, riding horses, and chargers with grand action, powerful cobs, &c., all of which have been selected by Mr. Barnes with great care and judgment from the breeders in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

The horses will be on view at Andover on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday the 5th, 6th, and 7th of April, and at Messrs. Tattersall's, Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on Wednesday, the 11th, and Thursday morning up to eleven o'clock.

Catalogues will be ready on Wednesday, April 4, and can be had of Messrs. Tattersall, Albert Gate, and of Mr. Barnes at Andover.

SEVENTH ANNUAL QUORN SALE.
MESSRS. TATTERSALL have received instructions from J. Coupland, Esq. (Master of the Quorn Hounds), to SELL by AUCTION, at Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on MONDAY, the 21st of May, about FIFTY HORSES that have been ridden by the master and servants during the season. Also several superior Hacks and Harness Horses, with good action.

ALDRIDGE'S, London: Established 1753.—SALES BY AUCTION OF HORSES and CARRIAGES on every Wednesday and Saturday, at Eleven o'clock precisely. Stalls should be engaged a week before either sale day. Horses received on Mondays and Thursdays from Nine to Twelve o'clock. Accounts paid on those days only, between ten and four. Cheques forwarded to the country on written request. The Sale on Wednesday next will include 150 Brougham and Phaeton Horses, from jobmasters, with Hacks and Harness Horses, Cobs, and Ponies, from noblemen and gentlemen, New and Second-hand Carriages, Harness, &c. Sales and valuations in town or country.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

N. T.—(1.) His sister. (2.) We do not know. (3.) Shall be glad to have your communication.

J. H.—Mr. Henry Irving had, we believe, a very high opinion of Macready's acting. In a former number of this paper we gave a portrait and short biographical sketch of Mr. Reddish, the tragedian. He died mad, and his wife, formerly Mrs. Canning, and mother of the great statesman, survived him. She married a third husband, a prosperous merchant at Plymouth, named Hunn, whose misfortunes compelled her once more to return to the stage at a time when her son, George Canning, was preparing for the bar in Lincoln's Inn. It is very likely that we may, in the course of our series of Famous Players of the Past Century, give a sketch of her career, which is a very interesting one. The author of "Retrospection of the Stage," says of Mr. Hunn:—"I had known this gentleman for several years in Plymouth, where he was a silk-mercant, carrying on business to a great extent. He had received a good education, and could wield his pen with nearly as great facility as his measure. Being devotedly attached to theatricals, he assumed the chair of criticism, praised Shakespeare, advised me, and castigated the actors. Soon after his marriage with Mrs. Canning, he failed in business, and went on the stage; but, in doing so, discovered that there was a difference between the capability of appreciating the merits of a dramatic picture and the power of producing one. It is a difficult thing for critics at all times to exemplify their precepts. His debut was at Exeter, where, there being some of the actors he had formerly satirized at Plymouth, they resolved on revenge, and circulated among their friends such reports of his talents as to prejudice the town against him. His opening character was 'Marc Antony.' Though a well-made handsome man from his hip upward, he stood upon a pair of pedestals even more delicate than those of the never-to-be-forgotten Dicky Suett. These were the first things to attract the public eye, and the sarcasm of his enemies. His acting, unluckily, not being of an order to array the favour of the many against the pique of the few, so much displeasure was evinced that he required the interference of his wife (a ruling favourite at Exeter), to enable him to proceed. His efforts, however, tended only to produce another tumult, and a second time his amiable partner came on to entreat their indulgence, when a countryman rose up in the pit, and in a broad dialect, replied, 'I tell 'ee what, marm; it dozon't signify talking, if Mr. Marc Antony don't go whoam direct; I'll throw my hat at un, and break both his legs.' Hunn, I believe, quitted soon after a profession for which he was so ill-qualified, and entered the employ of some country merchant, whose fortune he had been the means of making."

ALFRED.—Mr. Burnard's burlesque, *Ixion*, was originally produced about 14 years ago.

G. F. YOUNG.—Walter Montgomery was born in America on the 25th of August, 1827, at Gawennis, Long Island, in the State of New York, and shot himself on the 1st of September, 1871. His real name was Richard Tomlinson, and he was representative of a very old Yorkshire family. He came to London when young, was employed in the drapery business by Messrs. Warwick, of Cheapside, played first as an amateur with Howard Paul, who was then also an amateur, as member of the Western Dramatic Society (of Maddox-street, Regent-street). He made his first appearance as Othello under his mother's maiden name, Montgomery, and was successful. He went from the Royalty to the Bath theatre, and thence to most of the larger provincial towns, and achieved his greatest reputation in Manchester. He visited Australia in 1867, and afterwards America, where he met and fell in love with Miss Laleah Burpee Bigelow, a beautiful and accomplished young lady, who afterwards visited London, where she became his wife. Returning to England, he opened the Gaiety Theatre, was not successful, and had arranged to leave England with his newly made wife on the 7th of the month in which he committed suicide.

H. C.—In the year 1772, the company of the Théâtre Français occupied the Salle des Machines at the Tuileries, and had done so since April, 1770. The company had previously occupied the theatre in which Molière had played, and removed from it in consequence of its ruinous condition.

G. NORMAN.—Madame Tagliani visited Russia in 1837, where her dancing created a great sensation. We agree with your critical comments.

THE COUNT.—No such license is or ever was required.

YACHTING.

YACHT.—"Yachts and Yachting," by Vanderdecken. Hunt & Co.

AQUATICS.

R. P. E.—The winner of the toss invariably chooses the Middlesex station, but under certain conditions of wind and water, not uncommon to boat-racing, there is "nothing in it." There is a distinct advantage in the station in commencing; but not by any means as great as you have been led to believe. After clearing Hammersmith Bridge, possibly before reaching that point in the course, "station" has little, or nothing, to do with the final result.

R. O. (Reigate).—The law governing dead heads differs in horse racing and aquatics. In the former the bets are put together and divided in equal shares; but in the case in point, e. g., the late University Boat Race, all bets as to the final result are absolutely null and void. The only bets payable being as to the relative situations of the two boats at certain specified points, time occupied by either, &c.

MUSICAL.

H. M. B.—(1.) That Queen Elizabeth played the violin as well as the lute, poliphant, and virginal, is a mere conjecture, which was founded on the fact that in a sale of a Duke of Dorset's effects an instrument resembling a violin, of singular construction, was found bearing the arms of England, the crest of Her Majesty's favourite, Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and the date, 1578. (2.) The first virginal known in this country was introduced about 1560, and was named a virginal in honour of Queen Elizabeth.

L. E. L.—John Beard, the famous vocalist, died in 1792.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COACHEE.—In "Nimrod's" work, "The Turf, the Chase, and the Road," we find it stated that Mr. Chaplin then had thirteen hundred horses at work in the various coaches belonging to him, when Messrs. Horne and Sherman, the two next largest coach proprietors, had about seven hundred each.

L.—According to Mr. William Tegg's assertions *Punch* had its origin at "The Shakespeare's Head," in Wyck-street, when Mr. Mark Lemon was its landlord, and the tavern was frequented by Douglas Jerrold, the Mayhews, Stirling Coyne, and others, who, with Messrs. Landell and Last, formed a little company for producing it.

COSTUMIER.—Caps and hats were first introduced some time near the middle of the fifteenth century, and took the place of the hoods or "pecharons" which had previously been worn. The mortar was a cap of velvet, the bonnet a woollen cap, the first was worn by the common people, the second none but persons of rank were permitted to wear.

D. D.—A toll was levied on all vehicles travelling from St. Giles-in-the-Fields to Temple Bar in 1346.

J. V. B.—The lines commencing—

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Held by battery besieged Belgrade,
Cossack commanders cannonading come,
Dealing destruction's devastating doom.

are supposed to have been written by the Rev. B. Poulter, Prebendary of Winchester, in 1828, or about that time.

D. GREEN.—The term manor comes from the Latin *manerium*, and means an inheritance in land.

A. C.—The first mention of Walworth occurs towards the middle of the eleventh century, when the manor was given by Edmund Ironside to his fool or jester, Nethardus, or Hitard, who, making a pilgrimage to Rome, gave his manor of Walworth to Christ Church, Canterbury.

G. S. K.—Mr. Southey's wife died at Keswick, in November, 1837.

E. W.—(1) After the Princess Anne had lost her only son, William III. wrote to the dying James, offering to adopt his, James's, son, as his successor on the English throne, if he would permit him to be brought up in the Protestant faith; and James nobly proved the sincerity of his religious belief by refusing, saying he hoped his boy would, like himself, be ready to "sacrifice crowns and kingdoms to his faith." (2) William was short in stature. Mary was tall. (3) Anne, her younger sister, afterwards queen, was the second daughter and fourth child of James, Duke of York, afterwards James II., by his first wife, Anne Hyde, who died when the princess was about seven years old. Although her father was then a Roman Catholic, the princess, by command of Charles II., was educated as a Protestant by Henry Compton, Bishop of London, who had formerly been a soldier. Questions 4 and 5 might be readily answered by reference to any ordinary history of England, and No. 6 we are unable to answer.

J. Y.—Newcastle-on-Tyne, October 28th, 1876.

J. G. P., kindly replying to our correspondent "E. V.," says he will probably obtain the information he requires by applying to the editor of the *Sportsman*, in the columns of which paper the song he alludes to was published some time back, and adds, with regard to our remarks as to *Punch's* prophecy of Caractacus for the Derby, "I may draw your attention to the fact that the prophecy referred to by the 'Druid,' in 'Post and Paddock,' ch. 10, p. 280, is in favour of Newcourt," and reads thus:—"Punch once made a Derby prophecy, and went for 'Newcourt,' on the ground that no other prophet had even mentioned him. The prophecy respecting Caractacus was put by *Punch* into the mouth of Lord Dunderreay. I attach an extract from *Punch*, May, 1862:—"Now here's a long name. I should like to sneeze before I try it, for I shall never be able to sneeze in the middle of that horse, like a Centaur. But it's no use, I can't.—Caractacus, I've read of him, and how he envied Napoleon a humble cottage in Rome.—Stop, was it Napoleon? Yes, he was King of Rome, that's quite right; but it was ridiculous to envy a humble cottage, he might as well have envied a humble bee. This horse

—I can't say him again, he has been doing something at Bath, perhaps getting his head shaved, to make him run lighter, and he frightens some of them. I am not frightened; noblesse oblige, you know; not that all the nobility is obliging, quite the reverse; my uncle isn't, for he won't let me come into his title, which is Nepotism. This horse may win—if he can—that I am nearly certain about."

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1877.

JOYFUL, hopeful, and sanguine as are the characteristics of that "soft season," on the threshold of which we now stand, and potent as is the touch of spring to "remake the blood," even of the oldest among us, there is no braver sight for sore eyes than a visit to one of our leading training establishments, those equine universities to which the flower of thoroughbreds, recruited from the various nurseries scattered through the length and breadth of England, go up to complete their education, and take each his degree, some in the honour list, but most in the "Poll," while not a few fail to pass even their previous examination, and are speedily sent down in disgrace, or condemned to do menial service for their fellows. We are not speaking now of an invitation to inspect one of those curious collections of "old-crockery," wherein the halt and the lame predominate, candidates only fit to compete at the little Peddlings of the Turf, and condemned for their sins to pick up a precarious livelihood on the suburban circuit. Nothing can present a more mournful appearance than the battered screws, ribs, and jades, which mostly figure in such assemblages, but is far otherwise when we enter the portals of some master of his art, whose boxes contain the cream of racing horseflesh, and when everything is ordered in that perfect style which bespeaks a love for and pride in his occupation on the part of the presiding genius of the place. Among those who regard the Turf from an outside point of view, mistaken ideas frequently prevail of mystery and secrecy in all the departments of a trainer's business; and authors of the lower grade of sporting novels, themselves as ignorant as their readers, have endeavoured to instil into the public mind that the "open sesame" to a training stable is as difficult of attainment as a visit to the Khan of Khiva, or an approach to the North Pole. Ordinary mortals are supposed to interview Derby favourites with list slippers on their feet, cotton wool in their ears, and with hands tied behind them, and to speak in whispers, while their eyes are not blindfolded only because the sense of sight is permitted to be used in a limited fashion. Nothing can be further from the truth than these conceptions, born of a sort of morbid sensationalism, and nurtured by a charlatanism which is nothing if not mysterious. Trainers of the old school might have been more chary of admitting strangers within their gates, than the men of larger ideas who have succeeded them, and who invariably bid a courteous welcome to all with the least pretensions to receive it. They would, of course, deprecate an everlasting system of intrusion by ignorant busybodies, and too much of their valuable time would be taken up by answering the idle questions and satisfying the prying curiosity of every stranger who presented himself in or out of stable hours. But, as a rule, the greatest courtesy is shown, and hospitality most freely extended to those bearing an adequate introduction; and, as we began by saying, nothing can be more pleasing or interesting than a day spent among the objects of nearly every Englishman's interest, and in the company of their pastors and masters. Especially now in the spring-tide are such visits enjoyable, when everything shows at its best and brightest. A disastrous Derby, an inglorious Goodwood, a disappointing "back end," nay, that culmination of horrors, a bad season, are all forgotten in the promise of the future, its untrodden track stretching hopefully away into the golden distance. Time and the hour have run through the darkest of winter days, and each candidate for racing honours makes a fresh start in life, with his new coat and spring suit of clothing. Rest has benefited the questionable leg, and strengthened the uncertain constitution, while the hope is indulged in, even though seldom realised, that time has brought staying powers to the sprinter, speed to the slow coach, courage to the weak hearted, temper to the wayward, soundness to the broken winded. Thus, there is an almost unexplored mine of wealth in the two-year-olds which have to be "put together" in time for their summer engagements; and the wish is father to the thought that one or more of the great handicaps were made for some occupant of the stable. The look-out is rosy in the extreme, and the trainer leads his team afield with prospects as green and fresh as the turf, dinted by dainty hoofs of his sheeted squadron.

First, we may come across several useful-servants-of-all-work, with former reputations slightly tarnished, but quite up to their business as trial horses at home, and occasionally capable of earning their year's keep abroad, in plating company. Though far from "smashers," they are to be depended upon so far as they go, in their several capacities, whether for conducting a half-mile two-year-old examination, taking up a Derby horse, one after another, in his finishing gallops, or leading a Cesarewitch or Cup candidate from end to end. Mostly sound as brass and hard as iron, they enjoy no hours of leisure, nor eat the corn of idleness, but are ever in harness, and ready for any emergency. The most trustworthy old slave amongst them is despatched into yonder hollow to lead a pipe-opener for the Derby horses. A mile and a quarter, mostly in the collar; is the prescribed distance, and the pace is gentle, as befits the condition, unripe as yet, of the great guns. The trainer's eyes range over all his two score charges, but after a rapid glance round they settle again and again upon the brown, the bay, and the chestnut, as they walk in a circle after a couple of canterers. You may note the results of a steady preparation, in hard flesh taking the place of luscious condition, and evidences of a final polish to come, showing in the gradual development of muscle on arms and thighs, while legs and feet look tough as pin-wire and hard as nails. A moment's fighting for their heads, and they dash snorting away again, laying themselves down to their work with a will, and sending

tufts of turf flying high into the air behind them. The handy pony bears their tutor quickly across to the finishing point, by a short cut, and having been pulled up, and the welcome "all right" reported, a move is ordered in the direction of home, under charge of the head lad, and the lady contingent, duly chaperoned and escorted, takes possession of the track. A lesson not quite so soberly gone through by the saucy lasses, who are up to all sorts of mad pranks, and will not settle down to work, waiting for the summer to pass away, and for autumn dews to bring them to sober perfection in the month sacred to mares and to partridges alike.

Among the troupe of two-year-olds in waiting to commence work are many old acquaintances formed in yearling days, when perfectly polished and fashionably fat they stepped proudly into the Ring, neighing defiance at their critics, and braving the verdict endorsed by the ivory hammer. That handy active young upstart was duly made a note of as we held our box to box visitation at Middle Park; while from Cobham hail a brace of more than average promise, grown and changed since we first saw them up to their hocks in dirt, scouring the home-paddock to the tune of the manager's hat-rattle. A young Royalist heads the next division, and the big 'un who moves along so sedately, is Dewhurst-bred, and fell to an aristocratic nod in Park Paddocks last July. Buckland Court, Mentmore, Bonehill, and Blankney are all represented, and there are those which have tenanted the snug, stone-built boxes of Sheffield Lane, drunk the early dew in the Finstall pastures, looked upon the stately Tees from the grassy paddock sloping from Neasham Hall, or flown their manes in the wild winds sweeping over Langton Wold, past Blink Bonny Stud Farm. By threes and fours they finish their allotted tasks, each batch under its peculiar mentor, and the morning's task is at an end; and the solitary down left to whistling plovers, soaring larks, and hares, stealing back to their former haunts, after the stampeade caused by training operations.

It is in such places, and at such times, that the pleasure and interest connected with racing come home with greater force to minds content to regard the sheeted beauties as something more than mere instruments of gambling, to be cried up or brayed down by "speculators," who do not care to know one horse from another, provided that it possesses a number on the racing card or the telegraph board. If there is any romance or poetry (and why should there not be?) connected with the racer and his deeds, it is here in private life, so to speak, that we are most likely to feel their influence, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" on the racecourse; and far from the "re-iterated" "bar one" of the blatant book-maker.

HEATHERTHORP.

A SPORTING STORY.

BY BYRON WEBBER.

CHAPTER XI.

CONTAINS A CIRCUMSTANTIAL ACCOUNT OF THE FAMOUS MATCH FOR A HUNDRED A SIDE BETWEEN DOCTOR SUTTON'S BAY HORSE, KELPIE, AND REGINALD WOODRIDGE ESQUIRE'S CHESTNUT MARE, BLOUZELINDA, TOGETHER WITH OTHER MATTERS RELEVANT TO AND ARISING FROM THAT ENTHRALLING EVENT.

"MAT, they tell me thy maister's gannin' tee ride a match wi' that Woodridge, o' Shipley," said umpire John Golightly, to our friend Crisp, on the morning after the bills were published. Crisp was jogging home with Kelpie's stable-companion, Widow Malone, after treating her to a canter over the course.

"And they nobbut tell thou what's true, Jack," replied Matthew, with appropriate gravity.

"Verra good. Now harks' thou, Mat—there's naeboddy about—I'm summat hard up just noo; but I mun back the Doctor if he has a chance. Has he?"

"Yes."

"Rosy?"

"No."

"Why what's thou been about, Mat?" asked Golightly, opening his eyes to the fullest extent, in sheer wonderment. "Didn't they ask *thy* advice, afore making the match? how, that thou didn't crab it right off?"

Briefly, but gloomily, Crisp related the legend of the wager; indignantly, and *not* briefly, commented on the artful dodge of Mr. Patrick Ryan. Golightly spared not his condolence—nor proofs of his native prudence.

"Friendship is friendship, Matthew, but niver a friend in the wide world wad persuade me to back owt that hadn't a chance. That yap, Essom,—he is our secretary, thou sees, Mat, and I'm in a manner bound to be civil to him,—offered to lay me two to one again' the Doctor. I dinnot think, after what thou's tell'd me, that thy maister's gotten much prospect of pulling it off; but I shall take Essom's two to one nane the less. Accidents 'll happen i' steeplechasin' as weel as i' cricket, and mebbey there'll be sike'n a thing as hedgin' to a profit on the day."

"Please thyself, Jack," rejoined Crisp, "please thyself." We can ride a bit, remember; and we'se try all we know. Dinna forget that."

"All right. I shall tak' his two to one. Ta, ta!—Oh! isn't that the nag he means to run?"

"Noa!" replied Crisp, in a tone the least bit contemptuous. "This isn't mear. He can give her a stean and a beatin'—ony distance!"

"Why, thou dissent säay so? He can, can he?—Then I SHALL tak' that Essom's two to one. Ta, ta!"

And Mr. John Golightly straightway proceeded to the shop of the Leviathan of Heatherthorp, there to book two to one against Kelpie—in crowns. It is needless to remark that the stone and a beating to which Crisp had so nonchalantly adverted existed solely in his fertile brain; it was literally a flight of fancy. Kelpie and the mare had never been tried together since they came into the Doctor's possession; but Mat plainly saw (or fancied he saw, which amounted to the same thing) that it was not improbable his master would fall a victim to the machinations of Ryan and company, so he made up his mind to a little scheming on his own account, with the laudable intention of beating the conspirators at their own game. Mr. Arthur was too honourable for 'em, but not *he!* *Only wait.* Intuitively he knew that Golightly would chaff Essom—after the Leviathan had booked the bet—and he cunningly suspected "it would come out" in the course of the wordy encounter, that Kelpie could give Molly Malone one-and-twenty pounds (Jack would never stop short at a stone!) and beat her out of sight! Making the utmost allowance for the unbelief of the talent assembled within the walls of the local subscription rooms, Mr. Golightly's mild asser-

tion would, he was sure, make Kelpie a better favourite. When the price shortened, Crisp would be prepared with another card, and—another; so that, win the match or lose it, he would touch some of their coin. Of that he was resolved.

The little fiction which Crisp had contrived was promulgated, as he conjectured, by Golightly "with illustrations and additions;" and it produced the anticipated effect. Kelpie became a better favourite. The Leviathan declined now to offer more than seven to four against the Doctor's champion. Crisp chuckled when he heard of this change in the betting, and felt strongly tempted to saunter down to the Sursingle Arms himself, for the purpose of adding still further to the perplexity of Mr. Daniel Essom and his speculative following. On mature consideration, however, he decided to remain away; he might—there was no telling—be drawn into saying more than was prudent, and anyhow it would be better to keep his whip still until the Doctor's return to Heatherthorp.

Touching whose absence there were many rumours, and some of them not very wide of the actual truth; for latterly his reputation as a sportsman had in some sort overborne his right to be deemed "a good young gentleman" (the appellation originally bestowed by Miss Priscilla Cardmums), while it nearly equalled his celebrity as a medical practitioner. Barjona, egged on by Essom, made it his business to call upon Robson at the surgery to inquire about the case that had called Doctor Sutton from Heatherthorp. It would have been more conducive to the comfort of the man of frigid morals and rigid collars if he had remained at home. Amiable Mr. Robson was simplicity itself. He *knew* as much about the real cause of the Doctor's departure as Barjona; and he suspected nothing. Accordingly when the Quaker, ungratefully declining to indulge Mr. Robson with a sight of his tongue, put the question which Essom had inspired, Mr. Robson simply repeated the answer which his principal had provided. A voluminous technical description of an imaginary malady, and a similarly fanciful enumeration, in professional phraseology, of the remedies that had been vainly applied—both bewildering beyond expression to Barjona—were all that estimable member of the people called Quakers got for his meddling. Yes, Mr. Robson gave him some advice. This was more disconcerting than he would have cared to own. Barjona never felt so much "above himself" as he had done when he put his foot inside the surgery; now he was almost ill! He turned suddenly on his heel, thereby bringing Mr. Robson's well-intentioned professional homily to an abrupt termination, and it was only the recollection of what he owed to society—that is to say, to the Society of Friends—which prevented his giving utterance to a friendly equivalent to a rousing expletive. Ill! he never was better in his life. Ill!

Crisp saw the Quaker enter the surgery, and as he had not had an opportunity of exchanging a word with him since the morning Teddy O'Toole (otherwise, and subject to the approval of the monthly meeting, John Woolman) bolted and got rid of his rider, he thought the moment opportune for a renewal of horsey greetings.

"Thy master remains absent longer than was anticipated, Matthew?" remarked the Quaker, in an interrogatory manner.

"Does he, now?" responded Crisp, promptly.

"Doesn't he?"

"Depends upon what ye anticipated, Mr. Barjona. For my part I have never troubled my head about it. But then I doan't need him; how ill you look, though! That hunter o' yours is ower mony for ye, sir. But what am I talking about? I hear you are going to subscribe to the H.H. Now that's hearty, and liberal. Did you hear about our match? I suppose you'll have a bit on; I am sure Mr. Arthur would back you if you entered Teddy O'Toole in the Wimple Cup, and steered him yerself! Now there's—"

But the Quaker had vanished; driven from the field by a tongue which upon one subject at least was more caustic than his own. In his heart Barjona banned the hour when, in view of his too rapidly augmenting rotundity, he was waited upon by Ryan and Teddy O'Toole, and resolved to witch the world with noble horsemanship.

That night saw Crisp at the railway station awaiting the arrival of his master and Kelpie. He had ridden over beside the driver of the Sursingle omnibus, and had favoured that cross-grained but sporting handler of the ribbons with what he was pleased to term the straight tip about the forthcoming match. The driver was happy. He comported himself accordingly; and his weather-mottled visage, as far as it could express anything, told the world of Heatherthorp that the proud possessor "knew something." It is true that he knew nothing at all; but Crisp had bidden him keep his money until the day; and was not *that* significant? He had only to observe when he returned to the kitchen fire of the Sursingle, that he had had Doctor Sutton's man with him on the box all the way to the station, to add that they had talked about nothing but the match, to thereupon mutter something about reserving his investment until the day, and to sapiently shake his head, in order to convince his hearers that he was a very well-informed person indeed, up to the hilt in the confidences of the Sutton stable.

"Look sharp with that horse-box there!" cried the station-master, as the last train entered the station. "We are five minutes late. Good evening, Doctor Sutton. I hope I see you well, sir."

"Perfectly well, I thank you. Ah! Crisp," continued he, in a cordial tone, "you will look to Kelpie. Mr. Heston here—you know him—will lend you a hand. Anything new?"

"Barjona's called to see you. They *only* lay seven to four again' you.—But they'll lay more yet," he added to himself.

"Ah! I shall patronize the 'bus. Let me see you for a minute or two before you go to bed."

The Doctor took an inside seat of the omnibus, and Crisp, accompanied by Mr. Heston, the schoolmaster under whom Kelpie's steeple-chase education had been perfected, looked after the horse-box, which—as on a former never-to-be-forgotten occasion—contained a couple of nags.

"Whew!" whistled the somewhat amazed Matthew, when the pair had been safely landed and stood side by side. "I couldn't ha' thowt it."

"What are you whistling and muttering there for?" growled Mr. Heston, evidently not favourably impressed with the first ebullition of Crisp's peculiar humour. "Can't you twig we're not alone? Wait till we get outside."

Not another word did Crisp utter; and the station-master, porters, and telegraph clerk—speculators to a man—together with a tall angular individual who looked like a bagman and who spoke with a brogue, had to take their several ways, unenlightened as to the cause of Crisp's whistle of surprise. The brief warning of Mr. Heston they had *not* heard.

"Here, let me give you a leg up," said Heston, when they got outside the station.

"No, not on this—I—"

"Jump up! and *do* keep that silly awd tongue of yours between your teeth, WILL YER? Never mind me, I can manage. This is the road to He'thorp, isn't it?"

Crisp nodded assent. Speechless as "the dumb old servitor" who steered the lily maid Elaine to the court of Arthur was he now: speechless and likewise grumpy.

"Come on, then; we can talk by-and-by."

Crisp again nodded, and the pair trotted gently off, inspected by station-master, porters, telegraph-clerk, and bagman-looking

stranger, the latter of whom, in his obvious thirst for equine knowledge, had allowed the omnibus to depart without him. They rode on without exchanging a word, or altering the pace, until they reached the top of the hill beyond the bridge that crosses the Wimple, where Mr. Heston pulled up.

"Now Crisp," said he encouragingly, you can speak."

"I ha' nowt to say," responded Matthew surlily.

"Come, come," retorted Heston, "you musn't begin to show temper! that's a fool's game. A precious fine pal you are, to begin jibbing now. Have they squared you?"

"Squared me!" he exclaimed, with a look of sovereign contempt. "Let 'em try it on!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Heston, "it looks like it."

"Never mind," rejoined Crisp, sulkily.

"But I do mind. We must row in together. First of all, tell me if you know what horse you're across."

"No; but I can tell you what horse I'm not across."

"You can; and that is—"

"Kelpie."

"No!" exclaimed Heston, his ruddy face broadening with a grin of mischievous import, "and what else have you discovered, Mr. Crisp? Now be careful," he added, adopting the manner of a cross-examining Q.C., "be careful, sir, if you are not on your oath!"

"Why, I've fand out this, Mr. Heston—where you gat him or how he is bred I dinnot knaw—but the nag I have hod on noo is as like Kelpie as ivir he can be! Two cherries fra't säame branch couldn't be mair alike. I don't think there's another man i' this country, barrin Mr. Arthur and me—and happen yerself, for ye've studied them together, could tell 't difference."

"That will do, witness," rejoined Heston in the forensic manner, and gleefully withal, "you may stand down.—Mat, my lad, if thee thinks the nag thou'rt on so much like Kelpie here, they'd never tumble to the difference up yonder, eh?" and he pointed in the direction of the town of Heatherthorp.

"Never, but—"

"Stop a bit. From what I've heard about Blouzelinda, I think Kelpie is just about good enough to do her at the weights. But that's not everything. We must have a bit of money out of them."

"That's it!"

"And I fancy I see my way to getting it. You saw that three-cornered Irishman—him with nose and whiskers to match, at the railway station?"

Crisp nodded.

"That's a pal of Mr. Clever Ryan's. He's got some money to lay against Kelpie. We rode here together. He told me he was in the Irish linen line, and asked me if I knew a Mither Essom who lived in Heatherthorp. Crisp, Essom hasn't added another branch to his trade, eh?"

"No."

"This schaming broth of a bhoy must be looked after," proceeded Heston, mimicking the brogue of the designing stranger. "Depend upon it, he's Ryan's commissioner. We must have *him* on the bounce. And now look here. The Doctor has given me full permission to work this little business as I like. You go on home with Devilskin and put him up just as you would Kelpie—don't make a face about it; d'ye think I'd leave Kelpie a minute! and *we'll* stop at the 'Stork and Castle,' where I am known. You see what I mean?"

Crisp nodded an uncheerful assent. The idea of parting with Kelpie troubled him sorely.

"We'll have it got up for them to-morrow—my Irish friend will probably stop at the 'Stork and Castle.' I recommended him. I shall tell him that there's to be a sort of trial in the morning.—Now listen. I shall turn out with Kelpie, who will be *in my clothing*; you with Devilskin"—Crisp's face lengthened at this—"and I should not wonder if Devilskin was beaten by twenty lengths. If that does not set 'em a task, we must break Devilskin—I mean Kelpie—down, the morning before the race; we can manage that easily enough beforehand, with a white handkerchief spotted with red ink—or a cut finger, which is better. Now we understand each other."

Crisp could not speak, his heart was too full. He gripped the hand of his fellow-conspirator—he looked him full in the face—he winked. It was a powerful contraction of the dexter eyelids, and it spoke libraries. They rode on in silent amity. At last they understood each other.

They were not the only plotters who that night compared notes about the match. Outside the borough boundaries, by the side of the river Wimple, two figures might be seen, deeply engaged in conversation. We have long known one of these; we have met the other to-night for the first time. Listen.

"And so you think, Mr. Macarthy, that it is a moral for the mare?"

"Indade I do, Mither Essom—that is, my friend Royan thinks so, and shouldn't he know?"

"Just so; just so. Then we must get his money on, somehow; but I am afraid we shall have to lay stiffish odds. However,—you will not show at the 'Sursingle' to-night, I suppose? I fancy, on the whole, you'd better not. I will go and see what's moving. Look in in the morning and give us the office about the rough up."

"And would I fail ye, now, Mither Essom?"

They returned to Heatherthorp immediately afterwards, Mr. Macarthy to his quarters at the "Stork and Castle," to be crammed like a Christmas turkey by Machiavellian Mr. Heston, and Mr. Daniel Essom to Martin Silery's—by the back way—increasedly anxious to lay a fair price against Kelpie.

It was well for Matthew Crisp and John Golightly, likewise plotting on the bankside without the boundaries of the borough, that the hairdresser and his coadjutor did not run against them; well for both couples of conspirators, for a meeting would have been awkward.

"See Leeson, and Dale, and Emsden King, and tell 'em how the land lies. They will be able to get the money on quiet enough next Wednesday, just six days fra this, and the day afore the meeting begins. There'll be heaps of Shipley folk here up at market day."

"All reet, Mat."

"And they're not to mind what they hear about Kelpie being beaten in his trial; or about his breaking down. He's mebbey dee baith afore 't day. When there is a screw loose I'll let 'em knaw quick enough."

"All reet, Mat."

"Noo, haud thee ways to Silery's and shut Essom at yance if he offers mair than two to one."

"All reet."

"Keep thy eye—baith eyes—on an Irish feller who'll mebbey be wi' Essom."

"I will."

(To be continued.)

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.—HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES, AND USE NO OTHER; this alone is the true antidote in Fevers, Eruptive Affections, Sea or Bilious Sickness, having peculiar and exclusive merits. For the protection of the public against fraudulent imitations I have applied for and again obtained a perpetual injunction, with costs, against a defendant. Observe the GENUINE has my NAME and TRADE MARK on a BUFF-COLOURED WRAPPER.—113, Holborn-hill, London.—[Advrt.]



SCENE FROM "TARTUFFE."

FAMOUS PLAYERS OF THE PAST CENTURY.

JOHN EMERY.

It was in the old days, when the life of an ordinary strolling player was one of extreme hardship and danger, when, stigmatised as a vagrant, and regarded with contempt and suspicion by all classes of society, the itinerant actors were a kind of wandering outcasts, of whom it was written by Churchill:—

Vagrants by law, to justice open laid
They tremble, of the beadle's lash afraid,
And, fawning, cringe for wretched means of life,
To Madame Mayoress, or his worship's wife.

It was then that a married couple of strollers named Emery were known, latterly chiefly in the Liverpool and Sunderland "circuits," as worthy people and fairly good players, who worked hard, lived hard, and found it very hard work, indeed, to keep themselves decently clad. In those days regular theatres were very few and very far between. Barns and out-houses, or tavern club-rooms, were temporarily fitted up for the accommodation of the poor strollers, and life often went sadly and terribly with them when the barns were full of grain, or surly prosperous hostellers turned the shabby ill-fed strollers scornfully away. Sadly and terribly too went it when too poor to travel post, the unfortunate "vagrants by law" were compelled to go a-foot with their little bundles of dresses and properties over their shoulders, and the weapons of their calling under their arms, just as they did in the days of Shakespeare, when Dekker told how they "travelled upon the hard hoof from village to village for cheese and buttermilk;" and Queen Elizabeth's law ordained that they "should be deemed and treated as rogues and vagabonds." Terribly and cruelly went it with them in hard winter weather, when cross-country roads were choked with snow, or converted into mere ditches, and when many of such "roads" were little better than the primitive old foot-paths, or horse-tracks, bewildering to follow, and wearisome to an extreme in their rugged ups and downs, and their patience-trying windings. The provincial actor in those days had, indeed, a host of enemies to contend with, of which, as Reynolds, the dramatist, says the chief was, "SNOW! which steady friend to surgeons is, indeed, a slippery foe to managers, ruining horses, fracturing the limbs of pedestrians, and imprisoning the most theatrical within the limits of their firesides." And what of the fireside of this poor strolling couple? Where was its fuel if strolling was stopped by the bad state of roads, or want of money. Piteous tales have been told of these unfortunates at such times, although now-a-days they are drifting fast into oblivion.

With these things in our mind we can the more readily imagine what the early life of little John Emery, son of the above named strolling couple, was most probably like; the hardships and privations he endured, the exciting but picturesque adventures he witnessed, and the influence which his childish and youthful experience may have had upon his character as a man. He was a cheerful little fellow, who grew fast, and displaying a love of



JOHN EMERY—(From a Contemporary Print).

music at a very early age, was taught to play the fiddle. When twelve years old he was placed in the orchestra as one of the regular musicians.

In the year 1792, when John was seventeen years old, the summer was one of fitful storm and sunshine, and the winter had been a severe one, shocks of an earthquake had been felt in England, and the storms had been the fiercest and wildest ever known. In that summer, Mr. John Bernard, a famous actor, who had been playing during the London season at Covent Garden Theatre, got together a company of strollers for a short season at

Plymouth, and amongst them engaged Mr. and Mrs. Emery, with their son Jack, the father and mother as actor and actress, Jack as a fiddler for the orchestra, and to serve occasionally by playing small parts. Only occasionally, for Emery senior had no desire that his son should follow a profession so precarious and humiliating as his own was. "Poor Jack," said he, "will never make a great actor, and God forbid that he should be a little one! As a musician he may make a reputation, and he paints and draws so cleverly that he may become a true artist in that direction; but he has no histrionic ability, and will never make an actor!" The paternal pride, moreover, was deeply touched by Jack's failures on the stage; and it was with much reluctance that he fell in with Mr. Bernard's arrangements. But in those days managers were kings, with power over life and death by starvation. So cheerful Jack fiddled and played to the best of his ability, gratefully earning his daily crust.

From Liverpool Bernard took his strollers to Teignmouth. It was the time of the French Revolution; you will remember, when every mail brought fresh tales of horror across the Channel, when riots were rife, the governments frightened, and Europe in the ferment of either warlike deeds or hurried warlike preparations. Not a good time for the drama. But for all that the people enjoyed themselves, and had their sea-side outings as usual. Teignmouth at that time was full of visitors, who were in the habit of walking on the sands during the summer evenings till about nine o'clock, and then dropping into the theatre at half price "by which economical arrangement," said the manager, "they proved to be, like a paste buckle, more brilliant than valuable." Hence his company frequently commenced their performance to half a dozen spectators, although when the curtain fell the house was inconveniently full.

One evening, for which *She Stoops to Conquer* had been rehearsed, a solitary individual in the pit constituted the audience. He sat close to the orchestra, a broad-breasted, rosy-faced farmer, stolid of face and sturdy of limb, listening attentively to the overture until it had been played twice over and the curtain ought to have been up.

John Emery had left the orchestra, and soon after came upon the stage dressed for the character of Diggory. To him went Bernard, and the pair speedily concocted a little plan for dealing with the farmer, because it seemed hardly fair that a dozen persons should exert themselves for the exclusive benefit of one. Entering by the stage door, John advanced to the footlights, and bowing, thus addressed the rosy-faced solitary farmer:—

"Zurvent Zur, Measter ha'zent I to know if thee shouldst loike to ha' tha' mooney back again, and go whoam, or will't zit a bit till the gentlevolks do coum in vrom the town, and 'zo ha' the play zurved up to 'ee at once?"

"The farmer," as Bernard afterwards wrote, "rose from his seat, and after twirling his hat and scratching his ear (those invariable stimulants to the intellectual faculties of a rustic) he replied:—

"Why, make my duty to your measter, young man, and zay as



SCENE FROM "THE COUNTESS ROMANI."

how I be coam zome distance to zee all your doings, but I be n't in no hurry; and as I think it would be unzivil in me to ha' all the play to myself, I'll zit down, thankee, and wait a bit till the gentlevolks coam."

And so he did, the orchestra giving him an occasional tune, until at past nine o'clock, the "gentlevolks" having arrived, the curtain went up and the play went on.

To that incident John Emery owed his first regular engagement as an actor. Bernard perceiving at once his genius and its peculiar bent, presently engaged him at an improved salary to play "country boys" as a regular line of business. From Teignmouth the itinerants returned to Plymouth, from which place Bernard arranged to ship the whole of his company for Dover. He was about to hire a sloop for this purpose, when the Pomona frigate arrived at Plymouth. Its commander, Captain Savage, being introduced to Bernard by his lieutenant—Mr. Ross—who had been the actor's schoolfellow, was kind enough to say that as he was passing up the Channel, "if the ladies and gentlemen would not mind a few inconveniences" (as if they were not used to worse than inconveniences, bless his dear dead and gone heart) he would save them the expense of hiring a sloop, by landing them at Dover. The players shipped at once, sending their properties, wardrobe, private boxes and bundles, etc. on by waggon, all in a state of high delight.

The story of that voyage, and some of the incidents which succeeded are sufficiently amusing to be extracted from Mr. Bernard's Retrospections: to these accordingly I turn:—

"This," says Bernard, "was an extremely pleasant sail part of the way, and truly theatrical the whole. There were some wags in the company, and one or two good singers (Williamson, of Covent Garden, for instance, the well-known 'Bob of the Mill'). Ross acted as master of the ceremonies, and the captain was so engrossed with the oddities of his visitors that he sometimes forgot the ship. On passing Chichester, however, the weather changed, and the vessel beginning to roll, the company began to heave, which, though it checked their mirth, afforded infinitely more merriment to the sailors. Our conveyance, then, to make the most of the wind, began to go upon its sides, and the larboard railings were lined with the actors yielding over to Neptune the good things they had received from the captain. One of my worthies, a Mr. Lee Sug (since a well-known itinerant ventriloquist), not being provided with standing-room, would not do that on the deck which he could not do on the stage—give way to nature, lest he should have committed a breach of ship discipline, but staggered up to the captain at the moment he was giving the command, grasped him by the arm, and said he should 'feel particularly obliged if the latter would bring him a basin.' On coming up to Dover we found it impossible to land, owing to the serious strife of those warring deities Æolus and Neptune, and the captain carried us on to Deal, where the beach and the current afforded greater facilities. Here a pilot-boat was hailed, and in a few hours we were all comfortably introduced to Mrs. Fox's parlour at the Hoop and Griffin. This lady and her husband presented a singular contrast to each other, not less in mind than in person. She was a woman that could have conducted herself with credit in the highest circles, such was the propriety of her feelings and manners. He was a Cockney, but a greater realisation of the vulgar and brutish than that word mostly implies. Their marriage had been occasioned not by affection but obedience to a paternal agreement. Some noble company having driven off at the moment Fox entered the door, Mrs. F. remonstrated with him on his not being in the way to pay his respects to their guests. This modern centaur, half man and half horse, looked at her an instant in stupid irritation, and then exclaimed, 'Vy, here's a pretty rig! Vy I wants to know, marm, vy you don't make a nigger on me at vonst.' At Dover, this season, John Emery played my principal country boys (though his father constantly asserted that going on the stage would be his ruin); a Mr. Mervin was my light comedian (who afterwards made his appearance in London); and I was joined by a Mr. Whitfield, from Exeter."

Emery, jun., remained with Bernard's company in the double capacity of fiddler and actor, after his father and mother had quitted it, several seasons, strolling to and from the smaller towns on sharing terms during the winter, while Bernard was in town, and when the summer came returning to the larger towns to play with his manager and the London "stars," who on such occasions joined them. Early one summer, after a winter's strolling in Cornwall, an incident occurred which removed John from the orchestra altogether. A low comedian, Bernard says he was a very low one, had played deserter and secreted himself in a sloop bound for America, to which country just then there was much emigrating amongst players—and John, at the last moment, was called upon to take his place.

Leaving Bernard, Emery next played at Brighton, where he made a hit as Crazy in *Peeping Tom*. He next joined the York company placing himself under the management of that eccentric man and extraordinary mimic, Tate Wilkinson, who soon after pronounced him "a great actor." In 1798 Emery made his appearance in London at Covent Garden Theatre, playing Frank Oakland in *A Cure for the Heartache*, and Lovegold in *The Miser*, and the London playgoers and critics delivered a verdict in perfect accord with that of Tate Wilkinson.

We have omitted to state that Emery was born at Sunderland, Durham, on the 22nd of December, 1777, and that he was educated chiefly at Ecclesfield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. As a musician his talent is said to have been remarkable, and as a versifier he displayed no little ability, many of his songs having been widely popular. It is also said that his paintings of coast scenery were of high merit, and realised unusually good prices.

Emery died at his house in Hyde-street, Bloomsbury, on the 25th of July, when he was in his forty-fifth year, his physician said of "a thorough decay of nature."

Talfourd says of Emery's acting, "His style was so much his own, and his excellence in it as far removed from approach as that of any actor we have ever seen. His faculty of portraying stupidity, enlivened by one single ray of acuteness; of exhibiting stout and stony profligacy; of hitting off to the life provincial knaveries and peculiarities, would at any time have rendered him popular. But not for his perfection in these representations did we chiefly admire him living, or desire to remember him now he is gone. His forte lay in showing the might of human passion and affection, not only unaided by circumstances, but attended by everything which could tend to associate them with the ludicrous or the vulgar. The parts in which he displayed this prodigious power were as far possible removed from the elegant and romantic; and his own stout frame, and broad iron countenance did not give him any extrinsic aid to refine or exalt them. But in spite of all these obstacles, the energy of passion or the strength of agony was triumphant. Every muscle was strained to bursting, every fibre informed with sense and feeling, every quiver of the lip and involuntary motion of the hands spoke the might of that emotion which he was more than counterfeiting; and all little provincialisms, all traits of vulgarity were forgotten in wonder and sympathy. A small portion of his feeling and energy infused into a person of graceful figure and refined taste, would make a popular tragedian. . . . Among the classical heroes of the stage he was a kind of Antæus, earth born, yet gigantic. His Tyke was the grandest specimen of the rude sublime; his Giles, in the *Miller's Man*, was almost as intense, and the whole conception of a loftier cast."

A. H. W.

INDIAN HUNTING TROPHIES AND ZOOLOGICAL SPECIMENS,

COLLECTED BY H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

From the Picture Gallery of the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park.

SOME time before H.R.H. the Prince of Wales left England upon his Indian tour, his Royal Highness thought that a good working naturalist attached to his staff might be of considerable service to him in collecting rare or new, living or dead, Zoological specimens, and as His Royal Highness intended to hunt some of the large game, the skins and other parts would require to be prepared by some competent person. It was by no means an easy matter to find an individual who combined in himself the knowledge and capability for undertaking the engagement. First it was necessary that he should be strong and able to undergo the fatigue of travelling in a hot climate; next he should be used to shooting and collecting; but the most important of all requirements was that he should perfectly understand the most certain and expeditious means of removing the skins of beasts, birds, &c. and preserving them under the most disadvantageous circumstances, for the skins of large animals freshly removed and packed up, carried about from one place to another, then unrolled and only partially dried, while each day specimens were shot, always adding to the stock, required no ordinary amount of strength, courage, and knowledge of the subject. Application was made to the Secretary of the Zoological Society, who at once recommended to His Royal Highness, as a fit and proper person, Mr. Clarence Bartlett, son of the superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. Mr. Bartlett had had some experience in collecting, having been to India some few years ago, from whence he brought home a very large collection of living animals. Mr. Bartlett, too, had collected natural history specimens in South America, so that perhaps few more competent persons could be found; and the successful result of his labours has proved a very gratifying character. Prominent in the collection is the skull of the Ceylon elephant shot by His Royal Highness. It will be recollected that the following startling telegram appeared in the morning papers of December, 1875:—"The Prince shot two elephants yesterday. While returning from the hunt, the Prince's carriage was accidentally overturned and smashed, the Prince being thrown out underneath. His Royal Highness, however, fortunately escaped unhurt." The tail of the celebrated elephant, which now appears in the collection, was with his Royal Highness thrown out of the carriage, and was with difficulty recovered, being buried in the mud, while darkness was fast coming on; so that the rescue of the tail, "making both ends meet," was highly satisfactory. In our illustration will be seen an enormous specimen of the jungle bear—(*Ursus labiatus*)—which has been utilised, being mounted as a lamp bearer, and will probably fill a prominent position at Marlborough House. Numerous skulls of tigers, shot by his Royal Highness, are to be seen, whose skins were saved and prepared. Five specimens of the heads of the black buck, or Indian antelope (*Antelope cervicapra*), are to be found in the collection. A finely mounted specimen of the Nylghaie (*Boselaphus pictus*), of which the following is extracted from the *Times* of January 31, 1876, has been added since the collection was first opened to the public:—"On Friday morning at 8, the Prince, Lord Aylesford, Colonel Williams, Colonel Ellis, and Colonel Annesley left for a shooting excursion with the Rajah of Bhutpore. The Duke of Sutherland, Sir B. Frere, Lord Carington, Lord Suffield, and others remained in camp. The Rajah of Bhutpore met the Prince near a beautifully-arranged hunting camp, where was drawn up an assemblage of elephants, camels, horses, and beaters. The party had very good sport. The Prince shot a nylghau stag dead at 115 yards, which the natives considered extraordinary. Boars were numerous. Upwards of 80 head of game were killed, including nylghau deer, boars, and ducks." It is interesting to know that the collection contains the remains or portions of a large number of animals that have never been brought alive to this country, amongst them Hodgson's antelope (*Antelope hodgsonii*), the Ovis ammon; Ovis burrell; the Arnee buffalo (*Bubalus arnee*), and the wild Indian bull or gaur (*Bos gaurus*). At the extreme end of the room are some magnificent tusks of the Indian elephant, presented to the Prince by Sir Jung Bahadoor. The ivory of these tusks are considered to be of the most exquisite quality. On the table adjacent to the huge skull of the elephant previously alluded to, are several skulls of rhinoceros from Nepal. Although smaller than the skulls of the Indian rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros unicornis*), Professor Flower, of the Royal College of Surgeons, having carefully examined and compared them, has determined that they are only small varieties of the well-known Indian species. A group of vultures (*Gyps indicus*) shot by the Prince at Burhanee, occupy a conspicuous place on the left immediately on entering the room. Fortunately they were killed some distance from the places where the bodies of the dead are devoured by these scavengers of the East. Nevertheless, the disgusting habit of living upon putrid flesh renders the skinning and preparing of specimens of this family most loathsome, from the revolting odour that is ever exuding from their unsightly forms. A collection of the skins of the birds of India, and a very fair representation of the fishes both from sea and fresh water, prepared in a most admirable manner, are to be seen in the glass cases, as also a fine collection of the crustacea. Of the various species of Indian deer, it is probable no finer examples of their horns have ever been brought to this country. The whole collection has been prepared and arranged by Mr. Clarence Bartlett, and reflects the highest credit upon his skill as a naturalist and taxidermist.

FROM our issue of last week we omitted, for want of space, our report of the eighth annual concert in aid of the funds of the Police Orphanage which had taken place on the Friday previous to the day of our publication. We are now in a position to give some details. The concert was held at St. James's Hall, when a varied programme, mainly of ballad music, was given. The hall was crowded. Mr. Sims Reeves, who has hardly ever failed to attend the annual festivals of the orphanage, was absent owing to indisposition, consequently Mr. E. Lloyd, who was in splendid voice, took most of the honours. Recalled after every song, his masterly rendering of "The Anchor's Weighed," and "Come into the garden, Maud," wrought the audience up to the highest pitch of excitement. The other artists included Madame Edith Wynne, the Misses Banks, Emily Mott, and Ellen Bliss (pianist), Messrs. Lewis Thomas, Walter Clifford, Winn, and D. Keppel (flautist). Special mention should be made of Madame Wynne's vivacious rendering of the ballad, "Love has eyes," and of Miss Mott's share in the duet, "As it fell upon a day" (Bishop) with Miss Banks. The excellent band of the "A" division played at intervals. The conductors were Messrs. Sidney Naylor and F. J. Hunt. As is generally well known the design of the orphanage at Twickenham is to maintain and educate as many orphans of deceased policemen as the funds will allow, and eventually to give them an opportunity of obtaining an honest livelihood. It is gratifying to be able to add that the attendance at the concert gave a fair prospect of a material addition being made to the funds.

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. J. S. (Spring Gardens).—We have no knowledge of the correspondent referred to, beyond the initials and rather vague address, published at the time.

R. T. K. (Falmouth).—In the position described, if Black moves P to Kt 4, White can capture such pawn *en passant*. Long's "Key to the Chess Openings" is a very useful little work, and it can be obtained, we should think, through any bookseller.

L. S. (S. Kensington).—The St. George's Chess Club, Palace Chambers, King-street, St. James's, would suit you very well. Apply to the Secretary, Mr. J. I. Minchin, and he will doubtless furnish you with every information.

[A number of Answers to Correspondents are unavoidably deferred.]

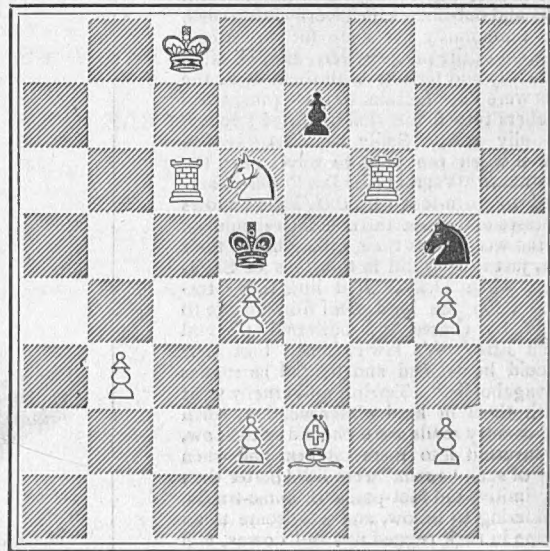
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM, No. 136.

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. B to KB 5 | 1. K moves. |
| 2. Kt to B 7 | 2. K moves. |
| 3. P to Q 4 mate. | |

PROBLEM No. 139.

By DR. GOLD.

BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

FOR the following well contested game we are indebted to the *Adelaide Observer*. It was played at the Adelaide Chess Club, between Messrs. Charlick and Laughton, the former yielding the odds of a R, and in the end is an interesting and instructive illustration of the mate with the B and Kt.

[Queen's Gambit evaded. Remove White's Q R from the board.]

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to Q 4	P to Q 4	42. B to Q 5	K to K 4
2. P to Q 4	P to K 4	43. P to K 4	R to R 5
3. P takes K P	B to Kt 5 (ch)	44. B to B 6	R to Kt 5
4. B to Q 2	B takes B (ch)	45. Kt to Q 2	R to Q 5 (ch)
5. Q Kt takes B	Kt to Q 3	46. K to K 3	R to Kt 5
6. K Kt to B 3	P takes P	47. Kt to B 3 (ch)	K to Q 3
7. P to K 3	P to Q Kt 4	48. B to Q 5	R to K 4
8. Q to B 2	Kt to Kt 5	49. B to B 4	R to Kt 5
9. Q to K 4	Q to Q 4	50. K to Q 4	R to Kt sq
10. Q takes Q (a)	Kt takes Q	51. P to K 5 (ch)	K to B 2
11. P to Q Kt 3	Kt to Kt 3rd	52. K to B 5	R to K sq
12. P takes P	P takes P	53. P to K 6	R to K 2
13. Kt takes P	B to K 3	54. Kt to K 5	R to B sq
14. Kt to R 5	Kt to K 2	55. K to B 6	R to K sq
15. B to Kt 5 (ch)	Kt to Q 2	56. K to Q 6	K to Kt 2
16. Castles	Castles (K R)	57. P to K 7	K to Kt 3
17. R to B sq.	Q R to Kt sq	58. B to B 7	R takes P
18. P to Q R 4	P to Q R 3 (b)	59. Kt takes R	K to Kt 4
19. B to Q 3	P to Q B 4	60. Kt to Q B 6 (c)	K to R 5
20. Kt to Kt 5	Kt to Kt 3	61. Kt to K 5	K to Kt 5
21. P to B 4	Q Kt takes K P	62. B to B 4	K to B 6
22. P takes Kt	Kt takes P	63. K to B 5	K to Kt 7
23. B takes P (ch)	K to R sq	64. K to Kt 4	K to B 7
24. R takes P	Kt to Kt 3	65. Kt to K B 3	K to Kt 7
25. P to R 4	Kt takes P	66. Kt to Q 4	K to R 8
26. Kt takes B	P takes Kt	67. K to B 3	K to Kt 8
27. R to R 5	P to Kt 4	68. Kt to B 2	K to B 8
28. B to Q 3 (dis. ch)	K to Kt 2	69. B to R 2	K to Q 8
29. R takes P (ch)	K to R 3	70. Kt to Q 4	K to B 8
30. R to K 5	R to B 3	71. Kt to K 2 (ch)	K to Q 8
31. B takes P	R to Kt 8 (ch)	72. K to Q 3	K to R 8
32. K to R 2	Kt takes P	73. K to K 3	K to B 8
33. K takes Kt	R to Kt 7 (ch)	74. K to B 4	K to B 8
34. K to Kt 3	R to Kt 3 (ch)	75. B to Kt 3	K to B 8
35. K to K 4	R to B 3 (ch)	76. K to B 3	K to Kt 8
36. K to Q 4	R to Kt 5 (ch)	77. K to B 3	K to R 7
37. K to Q 3	R takes P	78. B to Kt 5	K to Kt 8
38. B to B 4	R to R 6 (ch)	79. K to Kt 3	K to R 8
39. Kt to Kt 3	K to Kt 2	80. B to K 2	K to Kt 8
40. R takes P	R takes R	81. Kt to R 3 (ch)	K to R 8
41. B takes R	K to B 3	82. B to B 3, Mate.	

(a) As a rule, in giving large odds, it is not advisable to exchange Queens early in the game. Here, however, White secures a pawn and a very good position.

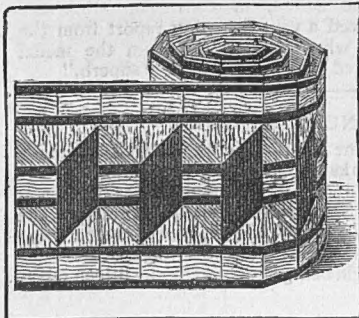
(b) If now White plays B takes P, Black replies with R to R square, with a winning game.

(c) The game has been very well fought throughout, and from this point the ending is capably conducted by both players.

RECENTLY, Mr. F. Bayley, Judge at the Westminster County Court, and a jury, had before them several cases founded on a question of copyright. In *Pointer v. Hengler*, the plaintiff, the owner of the performing right in the opera *Maritana*, sought to recover a penalty of £2 for the unlicensed performance of the overture to the opera at defendant's circus in Argyle-street, on Feb. 12 last. The matter having been argued, a verdict was given for the plaintiff for £2, subject to proof of residence given on the summons. In the case of *Coote and Chappell* (trading as Hopwood and Crew) *v. Ingram*, Mr. Cone appeared for the defendant. It was brought to recover damages for injury that the plaintiffs had sustained in the piracy of the following songs by the defendant in penny song-books: "Gold, gold, gold," "Give me a grip of your hand," "Gone to smash," "I'd rather lather father than my father lather me," "She deceived her Johnny," "Don't make a noise, or else you'll wake the baby," and "The same old game." The publication of the songs was admitted in defendant's answer to interrogatories. Mr. D'Alcorn, music publisher, deposed that the songs mentioned in the case were very valuable copyrights, and would be cheap to any publisher at £50 each. Such songs had large sales. He was of opinion that the sale was injured when a song was published in the manner done by the defendant, because it made them more vulgar. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff for 1d. Messrs. Coote and Chappell recovered a penalty in another case of 10s. against the defendant Wigg for the printing and publishing by him of the music of a song.

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"Rosina Cottage, Ventnor, Isle of Wight,
January 29, 1877.

"To Mr. Eno.—Dear Sir,—I write to thank you as being one of my best friends. I commenced to take your Fruit Salt on the 14th of December last, and it has not only cured me of the symptoms advertised, but also of cramp, which I have had occasionally ever since I can remember. The effects in my case are astonishing, as I am constitutionally bilious, and am now fifty-two years of age. My mother and youngest sister were never cured of sickness (biliousness seems hereditary), and I quite expected to suffer like them for the rest of my life. I am now taking my fourth bottle, and was joined in the others by some of my family, so that I have taken scarcely three bottles. I feel I ought to make some acknowledgment, so trust you will excuse this. ELIZA PELLING."

"14, Rue de la Paix, Paris, Jan. 16, 1877.

"A gentleman called in yesterday; he is a constant sufferer from Chronic Dyspepsia, and has taken all sorts of Mineral Waters. I recommended him to give your Salt a trial, which he did, and received great benefit; he says he never knew what it was to be without pain until he tried your Salt, and for the future shall never be without it in the house. M. BERAL."

Messrs. GIBSON & SON, Chemists, of Hexham, say:—"Since we introduced your FRUIT SALT in Hexham a few months ago, we have sold above one Thousand Bottles, and it gives general satisfaction, as customers who get it almost always recommend it to their friends."

A NATURAL APERIENT.—ENO'S FRUIT SALT, when taken with warm water, acts as a natural aperient, its simple but natural action removes all impurities, thus preserving and restoring health. If its great value in keeping the body in health were universally known no family would be without it.

Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. Sold by Chemists.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Fruit Salt Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
SOLE AGENT FOR PARIS—PHARMACIE DE BERAL, 14, RUE DE LA PAIX.

A JACOBAN CHIMNEY-PIECE.

THE high position occupied by Messrs. Howard and Sons as designers and manufacturers of what may be fairly termed fine art furniture has long been assured. To inspect their extensive establishment in Berners-street is to experience precisely the same kind of æsthetic pleasure that is derivable from a visit to certain portions of the South Kensington Museum. We behold there not only admirable examples of a wise Renaissance in furniture, but adaptations and developments of antique ideas in household appointments that are charmingly quaint, and in respect of workmanship and material calculated to satisfy the requirements of Ruskin himself. We are enabled in the present number to give an illustration of a Jacoban Chimney-Piece produced by this firm. This important work forms part of Howard and Sons' exhibit at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition, and from its gigantic proportions and characteristic style was one of the principal

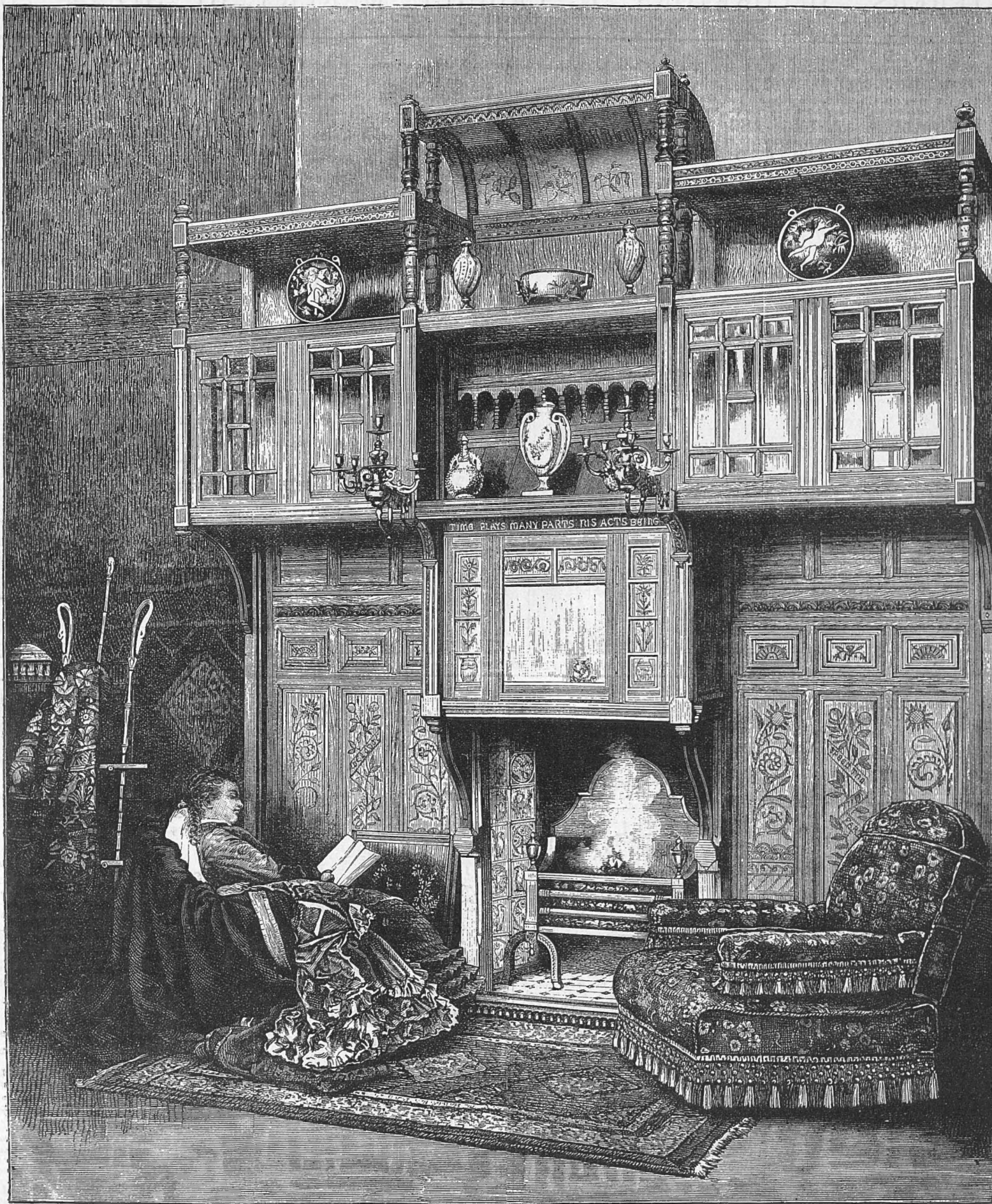
objects of attraction in the British section. The dimensions are 12ft in height and 10ft 6in across. The panels are ornamented by being inlaid with brown oak in different designs.

The process of inlaying by which it was executed is a new invention of Howard and Sons, which is executed by machinery at a twentieth cost of the same work done by hand, a process which must ultimately supersede hand labour. The most elaborate designs can be executed by this machine at the same cost as the most simple. The columns and trusses of chimney-pieces are ornamented with incised carving. In the centre, and immediately above the stove, is an enclosed cupboard, with silvered glass door, and above this is a quotation from Shakspeare's play, *As You Like It*, viz.—“Man in his time plays many parts, his acts being seven ages.” The upper part is fitted with china cupboards and shelves, and the top is cove shaped. There are also inscriptions right and left of fire-place, viz.—“Welcome the coming,” and the opposite side, “Speed the parting guest.” It is not

french polished in the usual way, but is simply finished with bees-wax and turpentine, thus preserving the natural colour of the oak, and it is now on view at Howard and Sons' Show Rooms, Berners-street. It may be added, in conclusion, that the designers and makers received a very flattering report from the Centennial Commissioners, who, in awarding them the medal and diploma of merit, declared their exhibit to be “superb.”

THE TYNEDALE HUNT.

WITHOUT referring to some most brilliant sport with the above hounds, perhaps a few remarks about the Tynedale hunt will not be out of place. First, as to country: Roughly speaking, it is situated in that rectangle of South Northumberland formed by the rivers Tyne, Wansbeck, and North Tyne; the eastern side being formed by the old north turnpike which connects Newcastle and Morpeth; the area of the rectangle being about twenty by fifteen miles.



A JACOBAN CHIMNEY-PIECE.

It is essentially a grass country, and year by year what little arable land remains is gradually laid away to grass, and consequently in many a long run hounds and horses are never off grass, much of it being fine old pasture land, which even in this wet weather rides wonderfully sound. The fences are chiefly banks and walls; in many parts these assume the dimensions of miniature fortifications and sides of houses respectively; in fact many of the walls are unjumpable, and a stranger must not be surprised to see the hardest men nip off their horses and reduce these obstacles by a layer or two of stones. The banks are sound, but many of them stone-faced, with a rail on top, and generally a broad ditch on the one side or other, forming again an impassable barrier even to the most resolute, so that sometimes it is impossible to ride quite straight to hounds. Water and timber are comparatively seldom met with. The south part of the country is what might be called “fairly inclosed,” but to the north the inclosures are very large. The coverts are mostly gorse, judiciously scattered over the country,

and, thanks to good preservers, they generally, nay almost invariably, hold the right sort of foxes, which run fast and die hard. The absence of railways no doubt prevents the country being of easy access, but on the other hand one of the most serious obstacles to many more popular countries does not exist. A twelve mile drive from Newcastle brings the sportsman to Stamfordham, the most central place in the hunt, which promises to become the Melton of the north, and from which three days a week are within easy reach. To some the society of a hunt is of great importance. With the meet at the covert side is to be found the country squire, the man of business from Newcastle (who, at all events in winter, takes his three days of pleasure), the hard riding farmer, an officer or two from the barracks; in fact, representatives of every class, though alas! we miss the hunting parson of most hunts, who, on a hunting morning generally has to visit a parishioner in the vicinity of the meet. A big field, as understood by the huntsmen of the Shires is unknown, even when we come near to

canny Newcastle, so, that an excuse of not getting a start will not be listened to from he who is not present at the finish. As to the worthy master, we can only say that at a time when there were serious difficulties in getting anyone to take the country he came forward and most liberally offered to take the management; and, backed up by good subscribers, sporting farmers, and true preservers, right well he has hunted the country since 1871, having previous to that date acted as joint master with the late Edward Riddell. Thanks to his thorough knowledge of hounds, the pains he has devoted to their breeding, and the able assistance of his excellent huntsman, Cornish—a rare good fellow and a perfect professor in the art of kennel management—the hunt boasts as fine a pack of hounds as are to be found in the country. Keen as the youngest Mr. Fenwick is, he is always in the right place, ever ready to cheer on that hound “that’s never wrong,” ever there to give a word of chiding to the over-zealous ones who may threaten to over-ride his beauties.